

MARCH.

building the
the iron
With this
tes became

"Dorset,"

water being
tion of the
en the form

er months,
water quan-
st general.
ere, which
haillstones
ss through
Snow on
e before it
ning speci-
se accord-

little tea at
believe, is
ence. Be

a piece of
es: capil-
eristics of
ed to unite
e Newton's
tes that a

n—we ask
dent upon
g to their
ilosophers
We simply
ience will

ig we are
nd as sub-
ous ways:
piece of
ough, say
sufficient
lead, and
e manner
ready en-
from it in
als, &c.;
urpose.

ion of the
e descrip-
v, a hori-
ave been

are to be
AL," and

ollows:—

39, price

d.

FRASER
bury and

THE

LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM SMITH, 113, FLEET STREET.

No. 63.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1840.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

MACHINERY OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

NO. I.

EVERYBODY knows that the government of this country is conducted by those members of the privy council who constitute the cabinet or close council, and in whom the confidence of the sovereign, for the time being, is especially reposed. The cabinet is usually constructed in this way:—The sovereign of his or her (as the case may happen to be) free choice elects from amongst the members of either House of Parliament an individual, eminent for talents and character, and possessed of influence sufficient to enable him to associate with himself some twelve or fourteen other competent persons, in concert with whom he can hope to carry on the business of the country. The sovereign can perform no act for which some minister is not responsible. It is a question, however, which has not yet been satisfactorily solved, who is the party responsible for the sovereign's election of a new prime minister. Some authorities maintain that it is the prime minister who goes out; some, that it is the new prime minister, and that, on accepting the office, he becomes answerable for the sovereign's choice, even though the act has been performed before he could possibly have become minister. The question, however, is substantially one of little importance; for it is not the mere nomination of the first minister, but his acts after he is appointed, that are attended with consequences to the interests of the country. If he be ill-chosen—that is to say, if he be a person absolutely unfit to fill the high station to which he is called, it will be impossible for him to form a cabinet. This circumstance of itself restricts the sovereign's power of election within a very narrow compass. Indeed, the individual most suitable to the station is generally pointed out by the public voice or by the political circumstances of the time, and thus, even if the sovereign were accountable for his own acts, which would be against the doctrine of the constitution, he would scarcely be ever in a situation where that responsibility could be fixed upon him.

The new prime minister, before he formally accepts the office, consults with his friends, and frames a list containing the names of those to whom he would wish to entrust the different departments of the state, and the principal offices of the household. Upon the latter point more difficulties often occur than upon the former, especially whenever a decided change takes place in the political principles upon which the action of the new cabinet is to be based. To be obliged to dismiss from his circle a number of persons of both sexes with whom he had been long intimate, several of them perhaps his most esteemed friends, is undoubtedly the most painful sacrifice to which any individual could be subjected. It is a sacrifice for which even a crown scarcely affords compensation. Nevertheless, it happens unfortunately that such a change becomes most indispensable at periods when it may be most mortifying,—that is, when alterations of policy are forced upon the head of the state, which admit of no influences near the throne that are not in harmony with the novel state of things. Of course, everything is done in the way of selection that can tend to reconcile the sovereign to the vicissitudes in his court, and his will is in that respect consulted as far as it is practicable. But with regard to the political appointments, the prime minister acts with almost unrestricted freedom. It does happen occasionally that the sovereign nominates one or two persons whom he wishes to see in the cabinet,—

and sometimes places a veto against a name to which he may have a particular personal objection. But the premier does not at all feel himself bound to conform to the will of the sovereign in either case, if he conceives that the person so preferred would not be a colleague with whom he could satisfactorily co-operate, or that the party so proscribed is one whose assistance he would have strong reasons for desiring. He regulates his list with or without the cordial approbation of the sovereign. The royal signature being then affixed to the list, the seals of office are placed by the outgoing minister in the hands of the king, who delivers them to the members of the new cabinet. From that moment all responsibility devolves upon the new ministers, who are gazetted forthwith.

The cabinet generally consists of the first lord of the treasury, the lord high chancellor, the chancellor of the exchequer, the lord president of the privy council, the lord privy seal, the first commissioner of land revenues, the first lord of the admiralty, the three principal secretaries of state (home department, foreign affairs, and colonies), the president of the board of control, and the chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster. Of late years the master of the mint, the secretary at war, the master-general of the ordnance, the postmaster-general, and the paymaster of the forces, have been occasionally added. It was as master-general of the ordnance that the Duke of Wellington first sat in the cabinet. The Duke of Richmond sat there as postmaster-general, and Lord John Russell first entered it as paymaster-general of the forces. These arrangements are all, however, matter of convenience, which the ministers settle amongst themselves.

Their general principles of policy are of course well understood before they assemble in council: upon certain leading questions a thorough unanimity is required; upon others a latitude of opinion is allowed; but when these latter questions are discussed in cabinet, the members are to a certain extent bound by the decision of the majority, though in their places in parliament they claim the right of speaking and voting as they think fit.

There are only four cabinets in Europe which deliberate and resolve without the presence of the head of the state,—viz. those of England, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal. Louis Philippe very seldom permits his cabinet to discuss any measure of importance, unless in his presence. He does not sit in the chair of the president of the council. He has already argued the question to be decided with the minister to whose department it appertains, and has perfectly made up his mind upon it. He hears all that is said, pro and con.; he has before him a sheet of paper, on which he amuses himself by sketching heads, or landscapes, or groupings of men and animals, or caricatures, or anything which his fancy at the moment lays hold of. But his ear sharply listens to the effusions of his ministers, and when their resolution is taken, he expresses his own and adheres to it, whether it be conformable to their opinion or not. It is this mode of conducting the public business that has long constituted the real cause of the differences that subsisted between him and M. Thiers. They have, indeed, disagreed also occasionally upon some leading principles of policy; but Thiers, and I believe Guizot, contend, and very justly, that if the ministers are to be responsible for the acts of government, they should be allowed to deliberate and resolve upon them apart from the sovereign, who is not in law or in fact considered responsible, except in the case of a revolution,—a case, fortunately for us, more familiar to France than to England.

VOL. III.

M

The king of Holland is his own minister for every department. The Northern powers have cabinets to which they entrust a very considerable share of power. It is very well known that Prince Metternich has long been the real ruler of the Austrian empire, more especially since the accession of the present sovereign, who is afflicted by an epilepsy that often unfits him even for the ordinary routine of state affairs. Prince Nesselrode has for many years dictated the policy of Russia, although it is well understood that the Czar is a strong-minded man, and enters deeply into all the business of his wide-spread dominions. But the Austrian, Russian and Prussian chanceries, as the cabinets of those powers are more usually designated, claim no power of resolution that is not conformable with the will of the sovereign, which in those countries is absolute.

It can scarcely be said that there is any cabinet in the United States. According to their constitution the president is commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and of the militia when called out; he may require the opinion in writing of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, and he does frequently consult those officers, but he is not bound to act upon their advice. His power, however, is much restricted by the Senate and by the House of Representatives. He cannot, without the concurrence of the former, make any treaty, nor even appoint ambassadors, consuls, judges, or other civil officers. All the principal deliberations of government are in fact invested in Congress, the president being a mere officer for carrying the decrees of that body into execution. He is entitled, however, to put his veto upon any bill passed by congress, which cannot become law without his consent, unless it be subsequently re-passed by two-thirds of each house respectively. The Mexican and South American governments are constituted very much upon the model of that of the United States.

In fact, there is no cabinet in any nation which possesses so much power, or exercises it with so much independence, both of the sovereign and the legislature, as that of Great Britain. Undoubtedly the House of Commons may dissolve the government whenever it may think fit so to do, by refusing the supplies, or by placing them in a decisive minority upon any question affecting the vital principles of their policy. But so long as the ministers have a majority in the House of Commons, they may defy the power even of the sovereign. He may not give them his confidence; he may be opposed to every one of their political resolutions; and yet he must keep them in power provided they have the support of the lower house. Upon all matters of this kind the House of Lords possesses little or no control. This case now exists; for it is very well known that there is a large majority of their lordships at open, and sometimes even violent, war with the present ministers. It is also clearly understood, that the late king was often adverse to the policy of his ministers; the archives of the cabinet are full of his letters remonstrating against their proceedings,—letters, too, it is said, written with great ability and extensive knowledge of the topics on which they treat.

The title by which the British cabinet ministers are designated in their collective acts, is—"His (or Her) Majesty's confidential servants." They usually assemble about two o'clock in the afternoon, in a spacious chamber fitted out for the purpose in the Foreign-office. A cabinet is held regularly every Saturday during the sitting of parliament. There is also a cabinet frequently on other days of the week, summoned by any of the ministers who may require the advice of his colleagues on matters of special importance. He proposes to them his views of the steps that ought to be taken—those views are freely canvassed—he accepts or refuses any modifications which his colleagues suggest; if a majority be decidedly opposed to him, he either withdraws his proposition, or alters it, or resigns his office if he can make no compromise. Every resolution of the cabinet which is of particular importance is sent to the sovereign for *signature* before it is reduced to action. It is the signature which is constitutionally required, not approbation. William IV. sometimes added to his signature the words, "Highly approved." More frequently he gave his mere signature, accompanying the act with an expression of dissent, but stating that he left the matter to the ministers, who were responsible to the nation for the consequences.

Nor is that responsibility by any means a nominal one. They may be called upon at any time in their places in parliament to vindicate their measures, and to produce any documents connected with them, unless it should happen that the production of such documents might be detrimental to the public service. The old

constitutional mode of punishing any gross malfeasance on the part of a public functionary was by impeachment. The accusation was brought by the House of Commons and tried by the House of Lords. The former appointed managers, who conducted the prosecution, and the accused made his own defence, assisted by counsel. But impeachment may be now said to have become obsolete. In fact, no minister or other public functionary can go wrong to a sufficient extent to bring upon himself any such visitation. They are all watched too narrowly by parliament and the public, and the expression of opinion is too rapidly poured out against them through the columns of the daily press, to allow of any really injurious conduct upon the part of the government proceeding to an extreme point. The utmost punishment a minister can now undergo is a resolution of censure passed by either house of parliament; a resolution of the House of Lords, however, possessing much less weight, under the existing circumstances of the country, than a resolution of the House of Commons, on account of the many collisions which have, of late years, occurred between the two branches of the legislature. The real power exists in the house which can tie or untie the purse-strings of the nation.

When a member of the House of Commons is appointed First Lord of the Treasury, he is also uniformly Chancellor of the Exchequer. The higher portion of the patronage of the church, such as the appointment of archbishops, bishops, deans, and canons of cathedrals, is vested in the prime minister. The Lord High Chancellor appoints to a great number of livings—indeed, it may be said to all which do not constitute parts of the patrimony of private individuals. The prime minister also superintends all the departments of government: he not only, through the treasury, controls their expenditure, but is expected to be fully informed of every material measure in progress through every branch of the state. When he is not Chancellor of the Exchequer, he is, however, understood to be in more constant communication with that department than any other. The Lord Chancellor, as a political officer, seldom much interferes in the deliberations of the cabinet, unless questions of a legal or constitutional character be connected with them. Exceptions, however, to this rule have occurred, as in the case of Lord Eldon and Lord Brougham, both of whom attended more to politics than most of their predecessors on the woolsack. The present Chancellor (Lord Cottenham) confines himself almost exclusively (it is understood) to mere law questions in the cabinet.

The Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, being the heads of the Treasury department, are assisted by two secretaries and five lords of the treasury. The civil patronage of the Treasury, which is of very great extent, is exercised practically by one of these secretaries, who of course uses his power in that respect in concert with his chief, and with a view to strengthen the power of his government as far as possible. It is by means of this patronage that the adherence of members of parliament is secured and retained. The latter ask vacant places for themselves or their friends—their claims are canvassed and considered more with reference to their influence by personal talent or political connexion, than (I regret to say) by the competency of the party proposed for office. Many gross cases of utter incompetency on the part of the individual preferred have occurred under governments of every shade of politics. Indeed, I believe there is no country in Europe in which fitness for the subordinate offices is so little consulted as in England. It is enough that the candidate is strongly backed by parliamentary friends; in that case, unless he be a mere idiot or a notoriously ill-conducted person, he is certain of success.

It is the chief business of the second secretary of the Treasury to attend to the voters in the House of Commons. He is called the "whipper-in." He is constantly in the house; and whenever divisions of political importance are expected, he may be seen watching the state of the Treasury benches; if they be in a perilous state as compared with the numbers on the other side, he hastens to his messengers, whom he despatches in all directions for the supporters of government. An active "whipper-in" is an officer of the greatest importance to government, especially in the present times, when parties are so very nearly balanced in point of number.

The five lords of the Treasury, or most of them, assemble every day (Sundays of course excepted) at their office in Whitehall, but they exercise scarcely any real power. Their signatures are required to all the Treasury minutes; but those minutes are previously prepared either by the first secretary or by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. All the routine business of the department is managed by the "assistant secretary," who, in fact, possesses

very extensive power. He submits his minutes to the first secretary, who seldom changes them; they then go before the "lords," who practically have no power to alter them. Every thing that goes before them is, to use a vulgar phrase, already "cut and dry;" and the only duty which they have to perform is, in truth, to "register" the decrees of the superior powers—that is, of the Prime Minister or the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or the first (he is more frequently called the *job*) secretary, or in very many cases of the "assistant" secretary. The "whipper-in" has not much to do, generally speaking, with the Treasury jobs. The management of the discipline of his party, and of the *press*, is his affair. It is he, also, who generally moves for new writs when the stewardship of the Chiltern hundreds, or any other office of profit, is accepted by a member of the house.

The Chiltern hundreds are situated on a chain of chalk hills, covered in various places with wood, which run from east to west through the middle of Buckinghamshire, and belong, from time immemorial, to the crown. The crown of course appoints to the stewardship of these hundreds, to which office a salary (now merely nominal) is annexed. The trust committed to a member of the House of Commons is one which he cannot resign; he is compellable by order of the house to discharge the duties of it, unless he can show such cause as the house may, in its discretion, think sufficient. The only mode, therefore, he has of vacating his seat, is by acceptance of an office "of profit" under the crown. Mr. Hatsell, the great authority upon all points connected with the law of parliament, observes, that "the practice of accepting this nominal office, which began (he believes) only about the year 1750, has been now so long acquiesced in, from its convenience to all parties, that it would be ridiculous to state any doubt about its legality; otherwise (he believes) it would be found very difficult, from the form of these appointments, to show that it is an office of profit under the crown."

I have stated that the second secretary of the Treasury attends, amongst his other duties, also to the "Press." The reader will, however, be surprised to learn that this most potent weapon for wielding the force of public opinion—that this all-powerful instrument—enters but very slightly into the "machinery" of the present government. The *Morning Chronicle* is undoubtedly what is called a "ministerial paper;" but it is in no respect dependent upon ministerial patronage. It often, especially of late, complains of the mode in which the government is conducted, and remonstrates against particular measures emanating from the cabinet with great vehemence. Its connexion with the government is in fact chiefly apparent in the columns devoted to foreign affairs, which may be understood to be almost uniformly inspired by the authorities of the Foreign-office; but between that journal and the other offices of government there is little of regular intercourse, the Castle of Dublin alone excepted.

The *Courier*, before its late metamorphosis, received intelligence occasionally from the Treasury. The *Globe* is on all hands understood to be the only journal really dependent on government; a considerable share in its property is said to belong to an eminent public officer, who, if report be correct, also writes its leading articles frequently, or has them written under his superintendence. The *Observer* also receives articles of intelligence from the foreign and home departments, as well as from the Treasury, and the *Examiner* is well known for its advocacy of the existing cabinet. The *Sun* and the *Morning Advertiser* support the government, although they have rarely any original official intelligence. The *Weekly Chronicle* is known to be the property of Mr. Ward, one of the members for Sheffield, who aspires to a place in the cabinet. He is the writer of its principal articles, and is undoubtedly a man of distinguished ability.

But amongst all these journals, there is not one, except the *Examiner* and the *Globe*, which may be looked upon as *strictly* ministerial, so that it will be seen that the "Press" forms only a very small portion of the actual machinery of the existing government.

It appears to me that the government, no matter what its politics may be, ought to possess, as an integral part of its "machinery," an avowed official journal, authorised to communicate to the world from time to time the views of the cabinet. People in high station and in power may despise the "Press," and flatter themselves that its misrepresentations are often so gross as to deprive it of all influence; but they never recollect that what they know to be misrepresentations are not known by the great mass of newspaper readers to be at all erroneous; and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the truth comes out too tardily and too partially to eradicate the wrong impressions already made upon the public mind.

A regular official paper, conducted with skill and moderation, adhering as nearly as possible to historical dignity and impartiality, well-informed from official sources, and looking solely to the welfare of the empire, is unquestionably a great desideratum in the "machinery" of our government.

It need scarcely be added that the Exchequer, in its original form, is a very ancient Court of Record, set up by William the Conqueror as a part of the *aula regis*, or royal hall of audience; it was intended principally to receive and keep account of the revenues of the crown, and to recover the king's debts and duties. It is called the "Exchequer" from the chequered cloth, resembling a chess-board, which covers the table of the court so designated at Westminster. And there are certain ancient functions of the court in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer takes a part; on these occasions he wears a judicial robe of state, not unlike those of the Lord High Chancellor and the Vice-Chancellor. It is his duty to attend to all the finances of the country; the accounts of income and expenditure are kept at the Treasury, and there all payments are made under warrants from the crown, by the Treasury solicitors.

So well contrived are all the checks now upon receipts and disbursements, that it is extremely difficult for any public officer to be guilty of any serious defalcation. Indeed, the general character of the gentlemen who have anything to do with money in the Treasury department places them beyond all suspicion. It is much to be regretted that the sweeping hand of what was called "economy," some years ago diminished to much too great an extent the number of persons employed in that office. It is a most painful operation to any of her Majesty's subjects who have business to transact with that department. The applicant must state his case either by letter or memorial; it first goes before the assistant-secretary, who, being already overwhelmed with the amount of his occupations, is obliged to let the memorial *sleep* for a time upon his table. A "reminder" must then go in; that also undergoes a species of lethargy; and the memorialist may think himself well off if he receives an answer within six months, and a settlement of his claim, or whatever else it may be, within eighteen months or two years. That is surely a most detrimental economy which thus delays the course of justice, and indeed in many cases defeats it.

For instance, it often occurs that overcharges are made in export or import duties at the Custom-house, or questions arise out of the navigation laws as to the amount of duties on articles imported from particular countries. These questions must go before the law authorities at the Treasury for solution. These authorities are always immersed in pressing business, and the new application must wait for its turn. It is at length examined, and submitted to the law officers of the crown,—the Queen's Advocates, the Attorney and Solicitor General being usually meant by that designation. In the hands of those learned gentlemen, who have usually quite enough to do with the affairs of their clients in the courts to which they respectively belong, the matter meets with still further delay; and eventually this most tedious process becomes so vexatious to the parties interested, that they abandon it altogether, finding it much less expensive to submit to the original injury than to waste their time in going on with the transaction. I have more than once seen a letter from the Treasury beginning in this way:—

"Treasury, 14th December, 18—"

"SIR,—In answer to your memorial of the 3d January last,"

&c. &c.

Now I impute no blame to any of the Treasury officers for such delays as these. Those upon whom the business devolves are really overworked; the department is not sufficiently supplied with hands to encounter the vast and growing amount of the business of the empire.

In the catalogue of state offices, next after that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (for the machinery of the Lord High Chancellor's offices is altogether beyond the scope of my subject) comes the Presidency of the Council. In France the "President of the Council" means the Prime Minister; but with us the office gives no rank in the cabinet, and indeed no particular line of occupation. There are, however, many matters to which the other members cannot conveniently attend, and which are, therefore, by arrangement, placed under his care,—such as the application of grants for public education, the regulation of public schools, the encouragement of the fine arts, and the management in the House of Lords of most of the bills which are introduced or sanctioned by government. The Lord President is, moreover, generally expected to take an active share in all debates of an important character.

MADAME LE NORMAND,

THE PARISIAN FORTUNE-TELLER.

AMONGST the many lions and noted persons with whom a year's residence in Paris brought us in contact, one of the most singular, and not the least interesting, was Madame le Normand, the celebrated fortune-teller, "*professor of the celestial science*," predictor of the successes and reverses of Napoleon (so she declares), authoress of a life of the Empress Josephine, an autobiography, &c. &c., works of no great merit in themselves, yet indicative of her claims to education and ability.

On the mention of Madame le Normand's name we have heard many laugh, others have denounced her as an unequivocal impostor, whilst some, with considerable pretension to mental superiority, have looked grave during the discussion; and confessed themselves at a loss to form a correct judgment, and on rational grounds, of her prophetic powers. Reason and philosophy were in opposition; at the same time, personal experience set these aside, in cases where it was impossible for her to have been assisted by direct or indirect agency. Two circumstances related to the writer of these pages shall be detailed for the amusement, if not the instruction, of the reader. Our authority was most respectable, and corroborated by several individuals of the family. But, before doing so, we will give a slight account of a visit made in company with some friends, all bound to consult "the weird woman" on our future destinies.

We were a party of five, two of us English, and all decided sceptics as to the possibility of fortune-telling. We did allow that shrewdness, and a long study of physiognomy, might lead to a tolerably correct estimate as to character, and we agreed that we would be liberal, and allow the lady all the credit of a lucky guess, bespeaking, as it generally does, some quickness on the part of the guesser.

"Au moins nous serons bien amusés," (at least, we shall be well amused,) said a gallant young Frenchman, as he handed the ladies to the carriage. "Umph! one fool makes many," was the characteristic remark of the Englishman, muttered apologetically, as a set-off against his present purpose, and the folly of being amused, for that was against his philosophy, *theoretically speaking*; in practice he was like the rest of us.

The coachman received his orders to drive to the Faubourg St. Germain, rue de Tournon, numero cinq, where, in due time, we arrived at the bibliothèque of Madame le Normand, bookselling being her ostensible avocation, though, in fact, she has long left the concern; her dwelling was situated at the back of the shop, where she has resided for many years in great apparent comfort, and, we are told, affluence.

An old domestic in handsome livery answered our summons, and conducted us to a comfortably furnished drawing-room. The gravity of our Englishman fairly gave way on encountering two other parties on the same "fools' errand" as ourselves.

As some little time was necessarily to elapse before our turn of audience, we employed ourselves in a critical examination of the apartment and its contents. A full-length picture of Madame le Normand immediately arrested our attention. It was that of a woman "fair, fat, and forty," in a white satin dress, bordered with a gold fringe. To its fidelity as a portraiture we are unable to attest, the original being now nearly eighty years of age. There were, besides, engravings of the Great Sphinx, the Pyramids, Thebes, Palmyra, and modern Cairo. A bust of Napoleon graced the mantel-piece, and in the window was a splendid *Camellia Japonica*, of the variegated species, bending under its weight of flowers. Presently a side-door was slowly unlocked, and Madame le Normand advanced towards us, greeting us, *à la française*, namely, with grace (even at her years), and bonhomie. In person she is little and stout, with no apparent infirmity, possessing a pair of most piercing black eyes, to which a portentous squint conveys a sinister expression: on meeting their glance one involuntarily turns away. A dingy red gown, and a curious black velvet hat or bérêt of a circular form, placed on the back of her head, and to which coiffure she constantly adheres, composed her toilet. Once seen she is not to be forgotten: her eyes, independently of the extraordinary head-dress, are a passport to remembrance. "Vous voulez me consulter, n'est ce pas, Mesdames et Messieurs?" she inquired. (You wish to consult me, do you not, ladies and gentlemen?) Replying affirmatively, we passed separately into the adjoining room, the door of which she immediately locked and bolted. We ourselves were the last, and the perplexed, dissatisfied looks of the party, who nevertheless each

attempted an uneasy laugh on regaining the drawing-room, rendered us nervous, and not a little so, as we seated ourselves by the lady on the sofa, in a small dark kind of boudoir or cabinet.

Whilst shuffling a pack of common cards, having previously requested her presence on the events of the ensuing three months—curiosity alone, and not by any means belief, determining us in this interview—the priestess began her rites by inquiring the country and year of birth, the *favourite colour*, and to what *animal* we were the most averse, and the most inclined. These questions answered, the pack was cut with the *left hand*, and this operation being twice repeated, another set of cards, painted with mystical-looking figures and characters, resembling Egyptian hieroglyphics, then underwent the same ceremony. At last the oracle spoke—what, as may be supposed, was alone interesting to the applicant. Sufficient for the reader to know, that at the expiration of three months, such was the general accuracy of the predictions, that it induced a repetition of our visit (we speak of ourself), notwithstanding the hearty laughter of many acquaintances. We cannot attempt to offer any explanation or solution of a fact certainly most singular, merely observing that of the Englishman and ourself not by the remotest chance could Madame le Normand have known or heard the smallest particular. Our respective names were not even demanded!

In the short conversation that ensued, we found Madame courteous and intelligent. She expressed herself under great obligations to the Emperor Napoleon, and spoke of him with a veneration and feeling that were touching and becoming, signifying that had her warnings and advice been always relied upon, his fortune had been reversed, &c. &c.; but this, of course, was said in character. She informed us that she had formerly passed some time in London, and declared herself much pleased with her residence, and, in a tone of evident elation, added, that many of the highest classes there paid her the compliment of a *professional call*.

In the performance of an action, of the relative utility and wisdom of which we experience some mental misgivings, it is undoubtedly satisfactory to find that, if not as wise as we might or ought to be, still our neighbours are no more so than ourselves.

We now pass on to the relation of two circumstances promised in the commencement. Of the first our informant was herself the principal, an elderly French comtesse, with whom we were a guest on our arrival in Paris. Would that the charm of her recital could be imparted! that consisted in a fascination of manner, and an animation of look and gesture, far surpassing description. This lady—the wife of a French officer, who had received a General's commission from the unfortunate Louis XVI., and some appointment in the royal household, but of what nature we do not recollect—was left a widow at an early age; and, in common with many others, experienced much trial and anxiety during the unsettled state of public affairs in France, incident to the disastrous period of royal extinction. In an interview with Madame le Normand, amongst various predictions of a strictly domestic and confidential nature, the comtesse was told, "*that in a foreign land she would have it in her power to oblige princes*." Such were the precise words. Now, at that time the Bourbons were in exile—the star of Napoleon, though on the horizon, was far from culmination—the comtesse a widow, limited in fortune, and with connexions for the most part amongst the proscribed class of aristocrats, had, indeed, slender chances of verifying the prediction. "*As to obliging princes*," she observed, "nothing could be less promising than my position. I thought of it merely as a *romantic possibility*." It so happened, however, that it became necessary for the comtesse to visit England, where she possessed relatives of fortune and interest—considering their position. A few days before leaving Paris, the comtesse was earnestly and secretly requested to be the bearer of a packet of letters, addressed to the Comte de Provence, afterward Louis XVIII., who was then resident at Hartwell, not far from London. Though attended with some risk, the comtesse was too loyal a Frenchwoman to hesitate. The letters were stitched in her stays, safely conveyed to England, and transmitted to the hands of the Duc de Berri, who returned a personal visit of thanks, delivering a most gracious message from his royal uncle, with an intimation to Madame to pay her court at Hartwell. This, for many reasons, was evaded. A first-rate introduction enabled her to enjoy a career of London gaiety of the highest caste, frequently visiting at Carlton House, where she obtained the particular notice and attention of the Prince Regent himself.

In giving the following story, a large draft must necessarily be made on the reader's credibility. To those who possess the

organ of wonder strongly developed, it may perhaps pass unchallenged. The person who related it attached the most implicit faith, affirming that it happened to a near and dear relation. The heroine was a French lady, not exactly one who desired "to pry into futurity," though closely bearing thereupon. She wished to see the *crystal*, as it was technically termed, or magical glass, in which, through some act of legerdemain, a pictorial illusion is presented of any specified person, living or dead. It is pretended that many have not the power to see in the crystal; that to them it presents nothing but a blank; whilst to others a different result is experienced.

As described to us, in shape and size the crystal resembled a swan's egg, inclosed in a circle of brass, engraved with the names of Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel, and Samiel. This was inserted into a wooden frame of a diamond form, at the bottom of which was carved an anagram, and the mystical name of *Tetragramathon*. Accompanied by a friend, the lady signified her wishes; a considerable sum was demanded, and they were bid to come at an appointed time; for the performance of the ceremony depended upon a due observation of the planetary hour of a particular day, the moon also being in her third quarter. The lady desired to be shown her parents, whom she had lost in infancy. Such was, at least, the assertion of her aunt, with whom she had always lived, and such was, assuredly, the poor girl's own belief. We were given to understand that the scene was enacted with no incantation or display of jugglery. Strict silence was enjoined, and an invocation was read from a manuscript, with slow and solemn earnestness. It was in the French language, and at times Hebrew names were distinctly articulated. On a first survey, the crystal for some time presented nothing but a thick cloudy appearance, which was presently succeeded by a total blackness; then followed a small red speck, with a halo of something like smoke or vapour, which gradually enlarged, and formed itself into a beautiful moonlight scene, with trees and fields distinctly visible. Leaning near a gate stood a gentleman, and at some little distance a lady, instantly recognised by the beholder as her aunt, and a friend with whom she was on terms of great intimacy. "Compose yourself, my dear," was the warning charge, as the lady was on the point of breaking forth into a prompt denial as to the paternal claims of the parties there shadowed forth. In a few minutes the illusion vanished, the crystal resumed its usual appearance, and the pent-up feelings of the lady discharged themselves in a peal of exclamation and asseveration, rung through all the changes of French volubility. It was to no purpose she protested that it was her aunt and her aunt only, whose resemblance she had just beheld; that the gentleman was Monsieur —, a distinguished military officer, well known to herself, and the intimate friend besides of the identical aunt. To this a deprecating answer was returned, and the priestess dismissed her guests with some precipitation, referring them to the aforesaid aunt for further information and interrogation. No doubt the reader anticipates the denouement. The military officer proved to be the father, and the soi-disant aunt the mother. The detection of the lady's illegitimacy led to much unhappiness and domestic dispersion; and to the day of her death, though never to be persuaded as to the possibility of Madame le Normand's knowledge being derived from a source anything less than superhuman, she regretted her application with a keenness and bitterness akin to remorse.

MAKING THE MOST OF AN EJECTMENT.

NIGH to Marburg, on the borders of a forest, rises a mountain called the Christenberg. On this mountain, in ancient times, a certain king dwelt, in a strong castle. The queen, his wife, had died, leaving an only child, a daughter, who possessed many marvellous gifts; on account of which her father, the king, became extremely fond of her. Now it came to pass that his neighbour, king Grünwald (Green wood), coveted his possessions, and came with a great army to besiege the castle on the Christenberg. Long the enemy lay before it; but the wise young princess was not at all dismayed herself, and her father took good heart when he beheld her courage, and held out against the foe. But when the morning sun of the 1st of May had risen upon the earth, behold the army of king Grünwald was seen advancing against the castle; and it seemed as if a great forest of living trees had been put in motion, for every soldier bore a large green bough in his hand. Then the maiden's courage quailed, for she now knew that all was lost; and she spake to the king these words:

"Father, nought avails us
When the wood assails us!"

Whereupon the king, who relied more upon his daughter's wisdom than his own, sent the wise princess into the enemy's camp, where she succeeded in obtaining from king Grünwald a safe passage for herself, and permission to carry with her as much as a single ass could bear. And what did the good daughter put upon her ass?—her own father and her most precious jewels; and with these, her most precious possessions, she took her way to another country.—*German Legends.*

ADVENTURES OF TWO BROTHERS DURING THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

NO. I.—ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH SAMMONS.

WHILE Canada belonged to France, and the United States were colonies of Great Britain, there was "a debateable land" between the possessions of the rival colonists, in which many a cruel deed was done. This district is now partly included in the state of New York, and contained within it lakes George and Champlain, which are linked together by the river Chambly or Sorel, which falls into the St. Lawrence, running through that portion of Lower Canada which offered the most active resistance, and suffered severely, during the recent unhappy troubles. Lake Champlain divides for nearly a hundred miles the states of New York and Vermont, but its northern extremity is within Canada.

Amongst the officers who distinguished themselves in the border wars between the British and French colonists, in the middle of the last century, Sir William Johnson was famous. He was repeatedly engaged in battle; and after Wolfe had fallen, "in the hour of victory," at Quebec, he was of great service in bringing about the entire subjugation of the North American continent to British power. Sir William Johnson acquired large possessions in the "Mohawk valley,"—(a district in the state of New York through which the Mohawk flows,) founded Johnson-town; and having obtained great influence over the Indians, as well as over the European settlers, Germans, Highlanders, &c., he reigned quite as a patriarchal king amongst his numerous subjects. The troubles which preceded the breaking out of the American war of independence gave him much distress; he saw clearly that a revolution was approaching; but he died suddenly at his house, Johnson Hall, in 1774—so suddenly, as to excite a suspicion that he had perished by his own hand; but it appears that he died from an apoplectic attack, brought on by anxiety.

He was succeeded in his title and possessions, though not in his influence, by his son, Sir John Johnson. After the war had fairly broken out, Sir John naturally took the British side; and it was deemed advisable by the United States' Congress to send General Schuyler to drive him from his property. This was done; Sir John fled into Canada; and the extensive possessions of the Johnson family were confiscated.

Four years after his flight, Sir John Johnson suddenly entered the Mohawk valley, with a force composed of Europeans and Indians. "On Sunday, the 21st of May, 1780, at dead of night," (we quote from Mr. Stone's life of Brant, a book to which we will return in a future number,) "Sir John Johnson entered the north part of Johnstown at the head of five hundred men, composed of some British troops, a detachment of his own regiment of Royal Greens, and about two hundred Indians and Tories. Sir John had penetrated the country by way of lake Champlain to Crown Point, and thence through the woods to the Sacandaga river; and so entirely unawares had he stolen upon the sleeping inhabitants, that he arrived in the heart of the country undiscovered, except by resident royalists, who were probably in the secret. Before he reached the old baronial hall at Johnstown—the home of his youth, and for the recovery of which he made every exertion that courage and enterprise could put forth—Sir John divided his forces into two detachments, leading one in person, in the first instance, directly to the hall, and thence through the village of Johnstown; while the other was sent through a more eastern settlement, to strike the Mohawk river at or below Tripe's Hill, from whence it was directed to sweep up the river through the ancient Dutch village of Caughnawaga*, to the Cayadutta Creek—at which place a junction was to be formed with Sir John himself. This disposi-

* More anciently still, the residence of the Caughnawaga clan of the Mohawk Indians, who at an early day moved into Canada, and established themselves on the St. Lawrence above the Lachine rapids.

tion of his forces was made at the still hour of midnight—at a time when the inhabitants were not only buried in slumber, but wholly unsuspecting of approaching danger. What officer was in command of the eastern division is not known, but it was one of the most stealthy and murderous expeditions—murderous in its character, though but few were killed—and the most disgraceful, too, that marked the progress of the war in that region.”

Amongst the inhabitants were a family of Dutch descent, of the name of Sammons, of considerable wealth and respectability, but who, at an earlier period, had rendered themselves obnoxious to Sir John, by the bold and decided manner in which they had taken part with the revolutionary party. These were now all made prisoners, along with others. “While they were halting, on the next day, the elder Sammons applied to Sir John for an interview, which was granted in presence of his principal officers. On inquiring what he wanted, Mr. Sammons replied that he wished to be released. The baronet hesitated; but the old man pressed his suit, and reminded Sir John of former scenes, and of the efforts of friendship which he himself had made in his behalf. ‘See what you have done, Sir John,’ said the veteran whig: ‘You have taken myself and my sons prisoners, burned my dwelling to ashes, and left the helpless members of my family with no covering but the heavens above, and no prospect but desolation around them. Did we treat you in this manner when you were in the power of the Tryon County Committee? Do you remember when we were consulted by General Schuyler, and you agreed to surrender your arms? Do you not remember that you then agreed to remain neutral, and that upon that condition General Schuyler left you at liberty on your parole? Those conditions you violated. You went off to Canada; enrolled yourself in the service of the king; raised a regiment of the disaffected, who abandoned their country with you; and you have now returned to wage a cruel war against us, by burning our dwellings and robbing us of our property. I was your friend in the Committee of Safety, and exerted myself to save your person from injury. And how am I requited? Your Indians have murdered and scalped old Mr. Fonda at the age of eighty years: a man who, I have heard your father say, was like a father to him when he settled in Johnstown and Kingsborough. You cannot succeed, Sir John, in such a warfare, and you will never enjoy your property more!’

“The baronet made no reply; but the appeal was effectual, and the old gentleman was set at liberty. He then requested the restoration of a pair of horses. Sir John replied that this also should be done, if the horses were not in the possession of the Indians, from whom he could not safely take them. On making the inquiry a span of his horses were found and restored to him. A tory officer, named Doxstader, was seen by Mr. Sammons to be in possession of one of his horses, but he would not relinquish it, pretending that he was merely entrusted with the animal by an Indian*. The two sons, Jacob and Frederick, were carried into captivity, and suffered a protracted and severe imprisonment, interesting accounts of which will presently be given. Several of the aged prisoners, besides Mr. Sammons, were permitted to return, one of whom, Captain Abraham Veeder, was exchanged for Lieutenant Singleton, who had been taken at Fort Schuyler by Colonel Willett, and was then in Canada on his parole.

“The immediate object of this intrusion by Sir John Johnson was to procure his plate, which had been buried at the time of his flight in 1776, and not recovered with the iron chest. This treasure was not indeed buried with the chest, but in the cellar, and the place of deposit was confided to a faithful slave. While Sir John was in the hall, in the afternoon, the slave, assisted by four soldiers, disinterred the silver, which filled two barrels, brought it to the baronet, and laid it down at his feet. It was then distributed among about forty soldiers, who placed it in their knapsacks—a quarter-master taking an account of the names of the soldiers, and the articles confided to each—by whom it was to be carried to Montreal.

“Governor Clinton was at Kingston at the time of the invasion. Hastening to Albany on the first rumour of the intelligence, he collected such militia and other forces as he could obtain, and moved to lake George with a view to intercept Sir John. It was supposed that the course of the enemy might possibly lie in the direction of Oswegatchie, and for the purpose of striking him upon such a march, Colonel Van Schaick, with eight hundred men, followed him by the way of Johnstown. Descending Lake George to Ticonderoga, the Governor was joined by a body

* After the war was over, Doxstader returned from Canada upon some business, was arrested in an action-at-law by Mr. Sammons, and made to pay the value of the horse.

of militia from the New Hampshire grants. But all was of no use; the invaders escaped—taking to their bateaux, probably, at Crown Point, whence they proceeded down the lake to St. John's. The captives were thence transferred to the fortress of Chamblée.

“The prisoners at this fortress numbered about forty. On the day after their arrival Jacob Sammons, having taken an accurate survey of the garrison and the facilities of escape, conceived the project of inducing his fellow-prisoners to rise upon the guards and obtain their freedom. The garrison was weak in number, and the sentinels less vigilant than is usual among good soldiers. The prison doors were opened once a day, when the prisoners were visited by the proper officer, with four or five soldiers. Sammons had observed where the arms of the guards were stacked in the yard, and his plan was, that some of the prisoners should arrest and disarm the visiting guard on the opening of the door, while the residue were to rush forth, seize the arms, and fight their way out. The proposition was acceded to by his brother Frederick, and one other man named Van Sluyck, but was considered too daring by the great body of the prisoners to be undertaken. It was therefore abandoned, and the brothers sought afterward only for a chance of escaping by themselves. Within three days the desired opportunity occurred, viz. on the 13th of June. The prisoners were supplied with an allowance of spruce beer, for which two of their number were detached daily, to bring the cask from the brew-house, under a guard of five men, with fixed bayonets. Having reason to suppose that the arms of the guards, though charged, were not primed, the brothers so contrived matters as to be taken together to the brewery on the day mentioned, with an understanding that at a given point they were to dart from the guard and run for their lives—believing that the confusion of the moment, and the consequent delay of priming their muskets by the guards, would enable them to escape beyond the ordinary range of musket-shot. The project was boldly executed. At the concerted moment the brothers sprang from their conductors, and stretched across the plain with great fleetness. The alarm was given, and the whole garrison was soon after them in hot pursuit. Unfortunately for Jacob, he fell into a ditch and sprained his ankle. Perceiving the accident, Frederick turned to his assistance; but the other generously admonished him to secure his own flight if possible, and leave him to the chances of war. Recovering from his fall, and regardless of the accident, Jacob sprang forward again with as much expedition as possible, but finding that his lameness impeded his progress, he plunged into a thick clump of shrubs and trees, and was fortunate enough to hide himself between two logs before the pursuers came up. Twenty or thirty shots had previously been fired upon them, but without effect. In consequence of the smoke of their fire, probably, the guards had not observed Jacob when he threw himself into the thicket, and supposing that, like his brother, he had passed round it, they followed on, until they were fairly distanced by Frederick, of whom they lost sight and trace. They returned in about half an hour, halting by the bushes in which the other fugitive was sheltered, and so near that he could distinctly hear their conversation. The officer in command was Captain Steel. On calling his men together, some were swearing, and others laughing, at the race and the speed of the ‘long-legged Dutchmen,’ as they called the flying prisoners. The pursuit being abandoned, the guards returned to the fort.

“The brothers had agreed, in case of separation, to meet at a certain spot at 10 o'clock that night. Of course Jacob lay enconced in the bushes until night had dropped her sable curtains, and until he supposed the hour had arrived, when he sallied forth, according to the antecedent understanding. But time did not move as rapidly on that evening as he supposed. He waited upon the spot designated, and called aloud for Frederick, until he despaired of meeting him, and prudence forbade his remaining any longer. It subsequently appeared that he was too early on the ground, and that Frederick made good his appointment.

“Following the bank of the Sorel, Jacob passed Fort St. John's soon after day-break on the morning of the 14th. His purpose was to swim the river at that place, and pursue his course homeward through the wilderness on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain; but just as he was preparing to enter the water, he descried a boat approaching from below, filled with officers and soldiers of the enemy. They were already within twenty rods. Concealing himself again in the woods, he resumed his journey after their departure, but had not proceeded more than two or three miles before he came upon a party of several hundred men engaged in getting out timber for the public works at the fort. To avoid

these he was obliged to describe a wide circuit, in the course of which, at about 12 o'clock, he came to a small clearing. Within the enclosure was a house, and in the field were a man and a boy engaged in hoeing potatoes. They were at that moment called to dinner, and supposing them to be French, who he had heard were rather friendly to the American cause than otherwise—incited also by hunger and fatigue—he made bold to present himself, trusting that he might be invited to partake of their hospitality. But, instead of a friend, he found an enemy. On making known his character, he was roughly received. 'It is by such villains as you are,' replied the forester, 'that I was obliged to fly from Lake Champlain.' The rebels, he added, had robbed him of all he possessed, and he would now deliver his self-invited guest to the guard, which, he said, was not more than a quarter of a mile distant. Sammons promptly answered him that 'that was more than he could do.' The refugee then said he would go for the guard himself; to which Sammons replied that he might act as he pleased, but that all the men in Canada should not make him again a prisoner.

"The man thereupon returned with his son to the potato field, and resumed his work; while his more compassionate wife gave him a bowl of bread and milk, which he ate sitting on the threshold of the door, to guard against surprise. While in the house he saw a musket, powder-horn, and bullet-pouch, hanging against the wall, of which he determined, if possible, to possess himself, that he might be able to procure food during the long and solitary march before him. On retiring, therefore, he travelled only far enough into the woods for concealment—returning to the woodman's house in the evening, for the purpose of obtaining the musket and ammunition. But he was again beset by imminent peril. Very soon after he entered the house, the sound of approaching voices was heard, and he took to the rude chamber for security, where he lay flat upon the irregular floor, and looking through the interstices, saw eleven soldiers enter, who, it soon appeared, came for milk. His situation was now exceedingly critical. The churlish proprietor might inform against him, or a single movement betray him. But neither circumstance occurred. The unwelcome visitors departed in due time, and the family all retired to bed, excepting the wife, who, as Jacob descended from the chamber, refreshed him with another bowl of bread and milk. The good woman now earnestly entreated her guest to surrender himself, and join the ranks of the king, assuring him that his majesty must certainly conquer in the end, in which case the rebels would lose all their property, and many of them be hanged into the bargain. But to such a proposition he of course would not listen. Finding all her efforts to convert a whig into a tory fruitless, she then told him, that if he would secrete himself two days longer in the woods she would furnish him with some provisions, for a supply of which her husband was going to the fort the next day, and she would likewise endeavour to provide him with a pair of shoes.

"Disinclined to linger so long in the country of the enemy, and in the neighbourhood of a British post, however, he took his departure forthwith. But such had been the kindness of the good woman, that he had it not in his heart to seize upon her husband's arms, and he left this wild scene of rustic hospitality without supplies, or the means of procuring them. Arriving once more at the water's edge at the lower end of Lake Champlain, he came upon a hut, within which, on cautiously approaching it for reconnaissance, he discovered a party of soldiers all sound asleep. Their canoe was moored by the shore, into which he sprang, and paddled himself up the lake under the most encouraging prospect of a speedy and comparatively easy voyage to its head, whence his return home would be unattended with either difficulty or danger. But his pleasing anticipations were extinguished on the night following, as he approached the Isle aux Noix, where he descried a fortification, and the glitter of bayonets bristling in the air as the moon-beams played upon the burnished arms of the sentinels, who were pacing their tedious rounds. The lake being very narrow at this point, and perceiving that both sides were fortified, he thought the attempt to shoot his canoe through between them rather too hazardous an experiment. His only course, therefore, was to run ashore, and resume his travels on foot. Nor on landing was his case in any respect enervated. Without shoes, without food, and without the means of obtaining either—a long journey before him through a deep and trackless wilderness—it may be well imagined that his mind was not cheered by the most agreeable anticipations. But without pausing to indulge unnecessarily his 'thick-coming fancies,' he commenced his solitary journey, directing his course along the eastern lake shore toward Albany. During the first four days of his progress he subsisted entirely upon the bark of the

birch—chewing the twigs as he went. On the fourth day, while resting by a brook, he heard a rippling of the water caused by the fish as they were stemming its current. He succeeded in catching a few of these, but having no means of striking a fire, after devouring one of them raw, the others were thrown away.

"His feet were by this time cruelly cut, bruised, and torn by thorns, briars, and stones; and while he could scarcely proceed by reason of their soreness, hunger and fatigue united to retard his cheerless march. On the fifth day his miseries were augmented by the hungry swarms of mosquitoes, which settled upon him in clouds while traversing a swamp. On the same day he fell upon the nest of a black duck—the duck sitting quietly upon her eggs until he came up and caught her. The bird was no sooner deprived of her life and her feathers, than he devoured the whole, including the head and feet. The eggs were nine in number, which Sammons took with him; but on opening one, he found a little half-made duckling, already alive. Against such food his stomach revolted, and he was obliged to throw the eggs away.

"On the tenth day he came to a small lake. His feet were now in such a horrible state, that he could scarcely crawl along. Finding a mitigation of pain by bathing them in water, he plunged his feet into the lake, and lay down upon its margin. For a time it seemed as though he could never rise upon his feet again. Worn down by hunger and fatigue—bruised in body and wounded in spirit—in a lone wilderness, with no eye to pity and no human arm to protect—he felt as though he must remain in that spot until it should please God in his goodness to quench the dim spark of life that remained. Still he was comforted in some measure by the thought that he was in the hands of a being without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground.

"Refreshed, at length, though to a trifling degree, he resumed his weary way, when, on raising his right leg over the trunk of a fallen tree, he was bitten in the calf by a rattlesnake! Quick as a flash, with his pocket-knife he made an incision in his leg, removing the wounded flesh to a greater depth than the fangs of the serpent had penetrated. His next business was to kill the venomous reptile, and dress it for eating; thus appropriating the enemy that had sought to take his life to its prolongation. His first meal was made from the heart and fat of the serpent. Feeling somewhat strengthened by the repast, and finding, moreover, that he could not travel farther in his present condition, he determined to remain where he was for a few days, and by repose, and feeding upon the body of the snake, recruit his strength. Discovering, also, a dry fungus upon the trunk of a maple-tree, he succeeded in striking a fire, by which his comforts were essentially increased. Still he was obliged to creep upon his hands and knees to gather fuel, and on the third day he was yet in such a state of exhaustion as to be utterly unable to proceed. Supposing that death was inevitable and very near, he crawled to the foot of a tree, upon the bark of which he commenced inscribing his name—in the expectation that he should leave his bones there, and in the hope that, in some way, by the aid of the inscription, his family might ultimately be apprised of his fate. While engaged in this sad work, a cloud of painful thoughts crowded upon his mind; the tears involuntarily stole down his cheeks; and before he had completed the melancholy task, he fell asleep.

"On the fourth day of his residence at this place, he began to gain strength, and as a part of the serpent yet remained, he determined upon another effort to resume his journey. But he could not do so without devising some substitute for shoes. For this purpose he cut up his hat and waistcoat, binding them upon his feet—and thus he hobbled along. On the following night, while lying in the woods, he became strongly impressed with a belief that he was not far distant from a human habitation. He had seen no indications of proximity to the abode of man; but he was, nevertheless, so confident of the fact, that he wept for joy. Buoyed up and strengthened by this impression, he resumed his journey on the following morning; and in the afternoon, it being the 28th of June, he reached a house in the town of Pittsford, in the New Hampshire grants—now forming the state of Vermont. He remained there for several days, both to recruit his health, and, if possible, to gain intelligence of his brother. But no tidings came; and as he knew Frederick to be a capital woodsman, he of course concluded that sickness, death, or re-capture, must have interrupted his journey. Procuring a conveyance at Pittsford, Jacob travelled to Albany, and thence to Schenectady, where he had the happiness of finding his wife and family."

The adventures of his brother, Frederick Sammons, were even more varied and singular. They shall be given in our next Number.

THE SMUGGLER—A TALE OF THE SEA.

NO. II.

THE morning which dawned with such singular brilliancy on the frigate found the little Seadrift rolling about in the Channel, a considerable distance from the land; for she had had what the smuggler called a glorious run during the night. Her sails, which had done her good service when the gale blew, now hung helplessly from the yards, flapping backward and forward with the reciprocal motion which the vessel gave them. The smuggler, who seldom took off his clothes from the time of his departure until he had run his cargo, had already plunged his head into a bucket of seawater, and was vigorously scrubbing himself with a very coarse canvas towel, when poor Harry made his appearance up the companion-hatch, looking as all people look, whether male or female, when under the infliction of sea-sickness, pitifully pale and wretchedly miserable. Harry made a desperate effort to grasp the tiller-ropes; but the vessel at that moment gave a tremendous lurch—the poor little fellow lost his feeble hold, and rolled into the lee-scuppers, overcome by that horrid dizziness familiar to the minds of steam-packet voyagers.

"Hallo! Harry, my lad!" shouted the smuggler; "why you haven't got your sea-legs aboard this morning. Come, rouse up, you young dog; you'll be a man now afore your mother, if you do but look sharp. Nelson, they say, was always sea-sick when he first put out of port."

"Ay, master," replied the old helmsman, who had lashed the tiller and hastened to Harry's relief; "but Nelson didn't lie in the lee-scuppers every time he put out on a cruise, with his precious skull fractured, like this poor boy."

The smuggler was at Harry's side in an instant, and bore him down to the cabin; for he was insensible. The application of restoratives soon recovered him; a little adhesive plaster covered the slight wound which the helmsman called a fracture; and the smuggler returned to his canvas towel and bucket of sea-water.

A light breeze had now sprung up, which the already wet canvas soon caught, and steadied the vessel as she crept gently through the water.

"Them 'ere men-of-war's men don't keep their skylights open," observed the helmsman, "or they'd have disturbed our rest last night, master."

"Ay, that they would," said the smuggler; "for they were closer to the little Seadrift than she bargained for."

"Closer!" responded the helmsman; "why, bless your heart, master, they were almost within boat-hook's length of us. I could have jerked a biscuit on board as easy as I'd turn the quid in my mouth."

"She was so close as that—was she?" inquired the smuggler.

"Close!" echoed the helmsman; "why, the sleepy lubbers need only have put their helm down when first we saw them on our lee-bow, and they'd have shot aboard us afore you could have said 'Jack Robinson.'"

"Ay, but you kept all quiet, Jack—didn't you?" asked the smuggler.

"Ay, ay, master, that we did;—you might have heard a mouse run up the swifter when their bell struck eight, and their look-out men called out 'All's well!' Look-out men, indeed! I'm blessed but the king's men want the cobwebs rubbed off their sleepy peepers. Howsom'dever, we got clear this time—that's certain; and with your leave, master, we'll drink success to the next."

"Very well," said the smuggler, ordering the helmsman a strong nor'wester. "Go you to your berth, and sleep that off. We sha'n't want you until the dogwatch; and as we near the land, we'll lower our sails for the night—the cruisers may be about."

"Well, master," observed the helmsman, as he hitched up his trousers over his hips, "only let's have fair play—a good rattling breeze, plenty of sea-room, and no favour—we'll show them what use the little Seadrift can make of her heels."

The smuggler then descended to his breakfast, and the helmsman to his hammock. The smuggler found Harry lying on his bed; his sleep was feverish, and in his quiet slumber he spoke of home. The hardy smuggler bent over the sleeping boy with an anxious expression of sympathy. He lay partly on his left side, with his face towards the light; his left arm was bent under his cheek, and formed a substitute for a pillow, and his hair fell in ringlets over his pale forehead. The smuggler continued in the same position, gazing stedfastly on the face of the sleeping child.

"Mama, mama, the Seadrift's coming in! I see papa!" exclaimed Harry in his sleep.

"Do you, my boy?" asked the smuggler, in the soft tone of a parent.

"Yes, that I do!" said the boy, stretching forth his arms; "look, mama—there he is!" and suddenly awoke by his energy, he started at the objects around him, for they were not familiar to his eye; but the paternal embrace of the smuggler soon restored the poor boy to the consciousness of the rock ng vessel in which he was cradled; and he again fell back on the bed, overcome by the dizzy sickness under which he was suffering.

Sailors are proverbial for the accuracy of their predictions respecting the weather, and well they may be, for it forms an essential feature in their nautical acquirements. I have known a pilot on the western coast of England foretel a storm, when there was but a single speck visible in the horizon, so small and insignificant as to escape the casual notice of persons less experienced in those matters. On the other hand, I once knew an instance—I rejoice to say, but one of the kind,—wherein a gallant young officer was dismissed from the naval service of his country, and thrown friendless on the sympathy of the world, at the moment he expected his well-earned promotion, because he miscalculated the force of a sudden gust of wind, which, unfortunately for him—poor fellow!—carried the foretop-mast over the vessel's side. In this casualty, as the result was unfavourable, the delinquency was punished.

The aspect of the weather had undergone a total change when the captain of the frigate, in all the majesty of his official dignity, ascended the companion-ladder that morning. The vapour which hung sullenly over the earth gradually melted away into a broad circle, and settled in the form of a dark impenetrable wall on the extreme verge of the horizon. The distant objects which nature had before so distinctly pencilled in the wild landscape, were now obscured by the heavy fog bank, whilst the sky overhead was as bright and as clear as the brilliant sun could make it; so that the vessel lay, as it were, in a large basin surrounded by a circular barrier, which, closing in gradually upon all sides, soon united into a cold drizzling mist, which was not dispelled until the sun had crossed the meridian.

The mist had scarcely dispersed when the captain again made his appearance on deck, and as he anxiously swept the horizon with one of Dollond's best telescopes, he called for the youngest of the watch, and sent him for the first lieutenant and the master, both of whom were discussing the merits of a glass of grog, when the squeaking voice of the little midly summoned them to the august presence of their commander.

In those days a captain of a frigate was a great man.

"Well, Mr. Logship," asked the captain, addressing the master, "what think you of the weather?"

"Fine, sir," answered Logship, "very fine; the haze beyond," pointing to the fog which still lingered in the offing, "is all for heat. We shall have the sea-breeze creeping along the water, like a shoal of young mackerel, presently."

"I hope so," said the captain, thoughtfully, "for the glass is falling."

The idlers—and, to enlighten the reader, I mean by that term the fat surgeon, the lean purser, and the non-descript marine officers—were projecting an excursion amongst the huts of the wild natives, when the skipper made his appearance. "There's something in the wind," observed the surgeon in a subdued tone; "I know it by the bristly hairs on the tip of the skipper's smelling-bottle; for they always project at right angles with the mizen-mast when his mind is anxious. I don't see much chance of your getting on shore to-day."

This announcement lengthened the visage of the marine officers; the last of the wardroom stock had been consumed a week before, and the officers were now upon their scanty ship's allowance. They had had a surfeit of lobsouse and dog's-body; and the portly doctor was urging the first lieutenant to press the necessity of sending on shore for a supply of water, or holystones and sand, or, in fact, for anything his ingenuity could suggest as being required for the use of his Majesty, when the captain again made his appearance.

"What cable have we out, Mr. Logship?" he abruptly demanded, casting his anxious eye along the rocky boundary of the roadstead, against which the surf was still breaking with a hollow kind of noise, although the sea was as calm as a millpond.

"Half a cable on the best bower, sir," answered the master.

"I don't know what to make of it," observed the commander, with a perplexed air and in an under-tone, as if speaking to him-

self, yet loud enough to be heard by his officers. "That barometer never yet deceived me; it is one of Troughton's best, and although the aspect of the weather is so favourable, the quicksilver continues to fall, and has already fallen considerably below 'Stormy.' I don't know what to make of it."

Logship did not reply, for his reliance on the barometer almost equalled that of the captain, and he dreaded to offer a dissenting opinion, lest the instrument might be correct; and he would then lose the character he had long sustained of being the best living mercury in the ship for measuring the changes in the weather.

Williamson, the captain, was not the man to waver upon a case of emergency; on the contrary, he was remarkable for the quickness as well as the accuracy of his decision; but upon this occasion he was at fault. In a tropical clime he would have understood it.

He descended once more to his cabin, but as quickly reappeared, and glancing his sharp eye around him, exclaimed, "The glass is still falling! Mr. Fearnought, turn the hands up—up anchor."

Logship now quietly slipped down to take a peep at the barometer, for, as the weather had so settled an appearance, he, as well as the first lieutenant, and of course the idlers, began to question the sanity of their commander. The doctor was commencing what he intended should be a rather learned disquisition on the disorders of the mind, and the variety of cases which had fallen under his notice, when the little master returned from the cabin, with as much astonishment and anxiety depicted in his weather-beaten countenance as the captain's exhibited. "It's below 'Very Stormy,' sir," shouted Logship, "and the sooner we get the ship out of this rascally roadstead the better for all hands."

At this moment, a wild-looking subject of his Majesty came paddling up to the side of the frigate, in a wretched-looking cockle-shell of a canoe, which the natives dignified by the title of a boat. A greasy-looking letter was handed up the gangway, addressed to the "captain or commanding officer of any of his Majesty's cruisers on the coast;" and after passing through the different gradations prescribed by the etiquette of a man-of-war, it was delivered to the captain, who, thinking only of his barometer, and the importance of getting the ship under weigh, cheered the men at the capstan, and thrust the letter into his pocket, without looking at the superscription or breaking the seal.

Captain Williamson, of his Majesty's ship *Palmyra*, was not what the ladies would have called a pretty fellow, for he had nothing effeminate in either his person or manner. He was a fine dashing-looking sailor, not more than thirty years of age, with the exterior of a gentleman, and the bearing of a man accustomed to command, yet free from the slightest particle of hauteur. His projecting forehead overhung a pair of sharp grey eyes, which twinkled restlessly beneath long shaggy eyebrows; his aquiline nose was so pliant, that it almost bent with every movement of his features, and when he smiled it was curved like the beak of an eagle. It has already been observed that nature had, strangely enough, placed upon the very tip of this proboscis a little clump of long black hair, which, sensible of the slightest passion of his mind, projected like the quills of the fretful porcupine; and at such moments it was deemed advisable by those who knew him well to give him a clear berth. His mouth was well formed, though rather small; and a professed advertising dentist would have placed some value on the head of the noble captain for the sake of his teeth. He was tall, and, unlike sailors in general, he did not stoop; on the contrary, he held his head as erect as a life-guardsmen. His bronzed complexion denoted the ever-varying climes to which he had been exposed; and, like most people who have good teeth, he contracted a habit of laughing, which threw into his features a kind of continual smile, as if the mind within was all sunshine.

At length the anchor was hove a short stay peak; the topsails were sheeted home, and the yards were braced contrariwise to swing the ship. The capstan was again manned, and the commander descended once more to look at the weather-glass. The quicksilver had fallen to a startling degree. Even Torricelli, the inventor of barometers, might have been himself puzzled on the occasion.

At length the frigate was under weigh, and stretched out to sea under a light breeze, and with all sail set. Williamson and the master looked at each other, and then at the sky, which was now beautifully bright, and then at the horizon, which was clear and serene; and the distrust in their features was manifest and amusing. As soon, however, as Fearnought could absent himself from the quarter-deck, he descended the companion-ladder, and made

straight for the captain's cabin, where the first object that attracted his notice was a very small bright speck on the side of the deck, which upon further examination was discovered to be quicksilver; and underneath the ball of the barometer he perceived a small hole, through which the mineral fluid had gradually and imperceptibly oozed. Fearnought returned to the quarter-deck with a broad grin, which startled the commander almost as much as the barometer had done, until the cause was explained; and never was any man more delighted at a fracture, which at any other time, and under any other circumstances, would have very much annoyed the gallant captain.

It is a common saying—and, generally speaking, a true one—that sailors can turn their hands to anything; and there is one peculiar feature in their professional career, which, if accurately noted, will in no small degree account for the ingenuity thus observable in their character. On shore we have either an instructor at our elbow, or a means of arriving at a solution of our difficulties; but on board ship we are cut off from any such aid, and when left to ourselves, we naturally turn inwardly, as it were, to our own resources, and thus acquire by degrees a habit of contrivance, by which we eventually learn to surmount any little difficulty that may impede our progress. From this habit we also derive self-confidence,—I do not mean self-conceit,—which enables us to face difficulty, instead of shrinking from it. Mental energies are often called forth, which might have otherwise lain dormant; and although the events that led to their development might be trivial, the mind was prepared in a measure to contend with more important casualties hereafter. I once knew a young midshipman, who upon one occasion, by his persevering ingenuity, eventually overcame an obstacle which at one time threatened to conquer him; and this single instance so delighted his commander as to produce a feeling which had a considerable influence on the future destiny of the young aspirant.

Williamson descended to his cabin, and found the quicksilver rolling along the deck in a thousand particles, as the ship careened to the wind. His little middies soon gathered it together, and as Williamson was a mechanic in his way—for he could take a watch to pieces, and put it together again, build a ship upon a scale of an inch to a foot, mend a lock as well as the armourer, hoop a cask as well as the cooper, or apply a tourniquet or open a vein as well as the doctor—of course he could mend his own barometer; and so he did.

At a little before dusk that afternoon, Williamson, in drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, drew along with it the greasy letter to which we have elsewhere alluded, and it was nearly blown overboard. The midshipman on watch picked it up, and handed it to him. Williamson smiled at his own forgetfulness, but looked very grave when he read the letter: it ran thus—

"A noted smuggler, schooner-rigged, with a tanned topsail, will leave Flushing on or about the 25th instant, with a cargo of spirits and tobacco, and may be expected on the western coast of Ireland to-morrow night. She is painted black, with a patch of brown canvas in her mainsail. She may be turned into a sloop or a lugger, and is provided with a narrow strip of painted canvas to represent port-holes. She has fifteen hundred bales of tobacco on board, and her ground tier consists of hollands and brandy. It is expected that she will attempt a landing in the Mal bay, near Mutton Island."

Williamson read the letter to his first lieutenant and to the officer of the watch, and the latter hailed the man at the mast-head to keep a sharp look-out; whilst the signal midshipman was sent aloft with a telescope, to sweep the horizon before night came on. The frigate then stood in for the land, and, when within a safe distance from it, she was hove-to under easy sail, with her head off shore.

Towards midnight the breeze gradually freshened, and if the smiling aspect of the weather on the one hand, and the sinking barometer on the other, had puzzled Williamson that morning, there could be little doubt on the subject now; for the wind had that hollow mournful sound, as it rattled through the blocks and cordage, which only the accustomed ear of a sailor could truly identify as a certain harbinger of bad weather. The small drizzling rain that fell served rather to feed the wind, and the squalls which rushed suddenly down the mountain valleys kept the anxious eye of the officer of the watch on his weather-beam.

At daybreak the breeze became more steady, and Williamson, in his short round Flushing jacket, with a gold loop upon each shoulder to denote his rank, went up to the masthead, to reconnoitre with his spyglass the creeks and bays which indented that dangerous part of the coast; but there was not a vestige of a vessel

of any kind to be seen; and having shared alternately with the little master the look-out duty during the night, he ordered a sharp eye to be kept all round, and descending to his cabin, threw himself on his cot, and slept soundly for a couple of hours.

At eight o'clock, the look-out man at the foretop-gallant mast-head reported "a strange sail on the weather-bow." The captain started from his couch, for the welcome sound had reached his quick ear; and in an instant every one was in motion. It was known throughout the ship that the letter which the skipper received conveyed information from the agent at Flushing, that a smuggler would attempt to land upon that part of the coast. The crew, therefore, who were at breakfast, flew up the hatchways; the captains of the tops were already half-way up the rigging; and even the portly doctor and the marine officers left their hot rolls to join in the excitement of the scene.

Amongst the most nimble of those who ran up the ratlines of the rigging on that occasion was Williamson himself, who was soon perched on the topmast-cross-trees, balancing himself, as the ship heeled over, with one hand for the king and the other for himself. Williamson went aloft, not that he mistrusted any of his officers, but because he was anxious to judge, from a single glance of his own keen eye, what the stranger looked like, how she was standing, and what should be done; but scarcely had he got his telescope to bear upon her, when a sudden squall obscured her from his view.

Prompt in his decision, Williamson descended from the mast-head, and calculating that the stranger could have hardly made the Palmyra out before the squall came on, he ordered her to be put on the other tack, and then proceeded to disguise her in the following manner—the fore and mizen top-gallant masts were sent on deck, while the maintop-gallant yard was left across; the sail loosed, and sheeted home in a slovenly manner. The courses were reefed to make them look shallow; the quarter boats lowered to a level with the gunwale; and the main-deck guns were run in and housed: a long strip of canvas, painted a light brown, and varnished, was then carefully spread over the port-holes; a few trusses of hay were placed in the main-chains; and the wheels of a carriage, which Williamson kept always ready, were lashed in the fore-chains. After all this was done, the practised eye of even a close observer might have taken his Majesty's ship Palmyra for a homeward-bound West Indiaman or a clumsy transport.

As soon as the squall passed to leeward, the stranger was again seen on the weather quarter, and the signal midshipman reported her to be a schooner, with only her fore and aft sails set, standing in for Mutton Island, which, with its single small tower, the ruin of a religious temple, lay about nine miles ahead of her.

"I think we shall do that fellow, if he don't make us out before we can get him well on our weather quarter," observed the captain to little Logship.

"I don't know, sir," replied the master; "I don't much like the look of the weather. Last night's moon looked for all the world like a lump of butter in a bowl of burgou. We shan't want for wind when the flood makes—"

"So much the better," sharply answered Williamson, who, sanguine in all things, was now impatient with Logship, who had the name of being a croaker in the ship; "the devil's in the dice if the Palmyra can't outcarry that little cockle-shell yonder, let us but once get in between him and the land. You know of old what our frigate can do, especially when she gets a foot or two of the main-sheet."

Logship was muttering something in reply, but in so subdued a tone that only detached words could be caught, such as "allowing that—blows hard—soon dark—if we could—" laying a strong emphasis on the hypothetical particle; when the little man was startled by the sharp tone in which the captain abruptly inquired, "How is the moon, Mr. Logship?"

"Full moon to-night, sir, at ten o'clock."

"Ha! that's good, at all events," observed Williamson.

"Yes," replied Logship, "provided she shows her face."

"Logship," said the captain, turning round, and looking him steadfastly in the face, "will you for once in your life look at the bright side of things; or if you will not, pray do me the favour to allow the moon to do so."

Logship was silent.

Little Logship was exactly four feet eight inches tall, and his extreme breadth measured at least two-thirds of his height; he had a very large head, with very small inquisitive eyes, and his cheeks were round and plump, and very rubicund; but whether the last was caused by the bracing sea-air, or the stiff nor'westers he too

frequently indulged in, is scarcely a matter worth speculating on now. Although he entered his Majesty's service from a Sunderland collier, he always wore blue cloth pantaloons and Hessian boots with large tassels: he considered them the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. He was also particular in wearing gloves, although his little horny hands had been in former days better acquainted with the tar-bucket than the sextant. Logship was nevertheless a thorough-bred seaman, a good plain navigator, as far as plane or Mercator sailing went. He could distinguish the Ursa Major from the Ursa Minor; and he could steer the Palmyra, when scudding in the heaviest gale of wind, within a point of the compass.

The little master's peculiarities often amused his captain; they had sailed together for many years, and although the skipper knew that there were times when it would have puzzled Logship, even in his Hessian boots, to walk a plank without diverging to his right or left, still he also knew that it was only when the frigate was safely moored in a land-locked harbour that he ever indulged beyond the king's allowance.

The signal midshipman, who was stationed aloft to keep his eye on the schooner, now reported that she was shaking a reef out of her mainsail, and setting her gaff-topsail.

"What colour do you make her gaff-topsail?" inquired the captain.

"It's a tanned sail, sir," was the reply.

"How is she painted?"

"Black, sir," answered the midshipman; "and she has a patch of brown canvas in her mainsail."

"Very well," replied the captain. "Now then, Mr. Fear-nought, 'bout ship; up top-gallant masts; shake a reef out; make all the sail the ship will bear. That fellow has made us out, and we shall have enough to do to get within shot of him before dark. Price the hammocks down, and let the chests and shot-racks be triced up underneath them; give the ship all the elasticity you can."

"Well, Logship," asked the captain, "what do you think of her now?—shall we have her or not?"

"Don't know," answered the master; "those black little devils that lie so low on the water have slippery heels, and when they get into smooth water and a steady breeze, 'twould puzzle a remora to get hold of them."

"A what?" asked Williamson.

"A remora, sir," replied Logship, chuckling at the ignorance of the skipper.

"What sort of animal may that be, Mr. Logship?" asked the captain.

"Ah! sir," said Logship, "you have never been in the Mozambique Channel, or you'd know what a remora is. Well, sir, it's a sucking fish they bend on to a line; and then off the little devil starts with the speed of a deep sea-lead, and the moment it twigs a turtle, it fixes itself by its suckers to the calipash, and sticks to it like a leech until you haul it on board; and I'm blessed if that a'n't a useful sort of a shipmate to have on board when one's six upon four."

The chase had now commenced in earnest; every possible effort that the ingenuity of the officers could invent was resorted to, to make the Palmyra sail; and at nightfall the schooner, although but yet a mere speck on the horizon, was yet near enough to be just visible through the night-glass, but only to one man in the ship—that man was the captain.

THE SEASONS.

THE God of Nature, who created the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night, has also given us various seasons, or divisions of the year, for the better supplying his living creatures with the produce of the earth. These seasons by us are called Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. Spring begins on the day the sun enters the first degree of Aries, which is about the 10th day of March, and continues till he enters the first of Cancer; when Summer begins, and continues till the sun moves forward to the first of Libra; when Autumn takes place, and continues to the first of Capricorn; at which time Winter begins, and closes the year, that has revolved again to the first of Aries. These are the common definitions; but as they are to be confined to the seasons on the north of the equator, so it may more strictly and universally be said, that Spring commences when the distance of the sun's meridian altitude from the zenith, being on the increasing hand, is at a medium between the greatest and the least; that Summer takes place when the sun's meridian distance from the

zenith is the least, and ends on the day when his distance is a mean between the greatest and the least; at which period Autumn begins; and that Winter commences on the day when the sun's distance from the zenith of the place is the greatest, and terminates on the day when his distance is at a mean between the greatest and the least.

These seasons, under the equator, return twice every year; but all other places have but one winter during a year, which, as before mentioned, begins when the sun enters the tropic Capricorn in the northern hemisphere. When the sun enters Cancer in the southern hemisphere, all places under the same hemisphere have their winter at the same time.—*Burt.*

RAMBLES OF AN AMERICAN NATURALIST.—No. II.

By JOHN D. GODMAN.

IN moving along the borders of the stream, (the brook along which the observations were made, recorded in the previous paper) we may observe, where the sand or mud is fine and settled, a sort of mark or cutting, as if an edged instrument had been drawn along, so as to leave behind it a tract or groove. At one end of this line, by digging a little into the mud with the hand, you will generally discover a shell of considerable size, which is tenanted by a molluscous animal of singular construction. On some occasions, when the mud is washed off from the shell, you will be delighted to observe the beautifully regular dark lines with which its greenish smooth surface is marked. Other species are found in the same situations, which, externally, are rough and inelegant, but within are ornamented to a most admirable degree, presenting a smooth surface of the richest pink, crimson, or purple, to which we have nothing of equal elegance to compare it. If the mere shells of these creatures be thus splendid, what shall we say of their internal structure, which, when examined by the microscope, offers a succession of wonders? The beautiful apparatus for respiration, formed of a network regularly arranged, of the most exquisite delicate texture; the foot, or organ by which the shell is moved forward through the mud or water, composed of an expanded spongy extremity, capable of assuming various figures to suit particular purposes, and governed by several strong muscles that move it in different directions; the ovaries, filled with myriads, not of eggs, but of perfect shells, or complete little animals, which, though not larger than the point of a fine needle, yet, when examined by the microscope, exhibit all the peculiarities of conformation that belong to the parent; the mouth, embraced by the nervous ganglion, which may be considered as the animal's brain; the stomach, surrounded by the various processes of the liver, and the strongly acting but transparent heart, all excite admiration and gratify our curiosity. The puzzling question often presents itself to the inquirer, why so much elaborateness of construction, and such exquisite ornament as are common to most of these creatures, should be bestowed? Destined to pass their lives in and under the mud, possessed of no sense that we are acquainted with, except that of touch, what purpose can ornament serve in them? However much of vanity there may be in asking the question, there is no answer to be offered. We cannot suppose that the individuals have any power of admiring each other, and we know that the foot is the only part they protrude from their shell, and that the inside of the shell is covered by the membrane called the mantle. Similar remarks may be made relative to conchology at large: the most exquisitely beautiful forms, colours, and ornaments are lavished upon genera and species which exist only at immense depths in the ocean, or buried in the mud; nor can any one form a satisfactory idea of the object the great Author of nature had in view, in thus profusely beautifying creatures occupying so low a place in the scale of creation.

European naturalists have hitherto fallen into the strangest absurdities concerning the motion of the bivalved shells, which five minutes' observation of nature would have served them to correct. Thus, they describe the upper part of the shell as the *lower*, and the *hind* part as the front, and speak of them as moving along on their rounded convex surface, like a boat on its keel; instead of advancing with the edges or open part of the shell towards the earth. All these mistakes have been corrected, and the true mode of progression indicated from actual observation, by our fellow-citizen, Isaac Lea, whose communications to the American Philosophical Society reflect the highest credit upon their author, who is a naturalist in the best sense of the term.

As I wandered slowly along the borders of the run, towards a little wood, my attention was caught by a considerable collection

of shells lying near an old stump. Many of these appeared to have been recently emptied of their contents, and others seemed to have long remained exposed to the weather. On most of them, at the thinnest part of the edge, a peculiar kind of fracture was obvious, and this seemed to be the work of an animal. A closer examination of the locality showed the footsteps of a quadruped, which I readily believed to be the muskrat: more especially as, upon examining the adjacent banks, numerous traces of burrows were discoverable. It is not a little singular that this animal, unlike all others of the larger gnawers, as the beaver, &c., appears to increase instead of diminishing with the increase of population. Whether it is that the dams and other works thrown up by men afford more favourable situations for their multiplication, or their favourite food is found in greater abundance, they certainly are quite as numerous now, if not more so, than when the country was first discovered, and are to be found at this time almost within the limits of the city. By the construction of their teeth, as well as all the parts of the body, they are closely allied to the rat kind; though in size, and some peculiarities of habit, they more closely approximate the beaver. They resemble the rat especially, in not being exclusively herbivorous, as is shown by their feeding on the unioles or mussels above-mentioned. To obtain this food requires no small exertion of their strength; and they accomplish it by introducing the claws of their fore-paws between the two edges of the shell, and tearing it open by main force. Whoever has tried to force open one of these shells, containing a living animal, may form an idea of the effort made by the muskrat: the strength of a strong man would be requisite to produce the same result in the same way.

The burrows of muskrats are very extensive, and consequently injurious to dikes and dams, meadow banks, &c. The entrance is always under water, and thence sloping upwards above the level of the water; so that the muskrat has to dive in going in and out. These creatures are excellent divers and swimmers; and being nocturnal, are rarely seen unless by those who watch for them at night. Sometimes we alarm one near the mouth of the den, and he darts away across the water, near the bottom, marking his course by a turbid streak in the stream: occasionally we are made aware of the passage of one to some distance down the current in the same way; but, in both cases, the action is so rapidly performed, that we should scarcely imagine what was the cause, if not previously informed. Except by burrowing into and spoiling the banks they are not productive of much evil, their food consisting principally of the roots of aquatic plants in addition to shell-fish. The musky odour which gives rise to their common name, is caused by glandular organs placed near the tail, filled with a viscid and powerfully musky fluid, whose uses we know but little of, though it is thought to be intended as a guide by which these creatures may discover each other. This inference is strengthened by finding some such contrivance in different races of animals, in various modifications. A great number carry it in pouches similar to those just mentioned. Some, as the musk animal, have the pouch under the belly; the shrew has the glands on the side; the camel on the back of the neck; the crocodile under the throat, &c. At least no other use has ever been assigned for this apparatus; and in all creatures possessing it, the arrangement seems to be adapted peculiarly to the habits of the animals. The crocodile, for instance, generally approaches the shore in such a manner as to apply the neck and throat to the soil, while the hinder part of the body is under water. The glands under the throat leave the traces of his presence, therefore, with ease, as they come in contact with the shore. The glandular apparatus on the back of the neck of the male camel seems to have reference to the general elevation of the olfactory organs of the female; and the dorsal gland of the peccary no doubt has some similar relation to the peculiarities of the race.

The value of the fur of the muskrat causes many of them to be destroyed, which is easily enough effected by means of a trap. This is a simple box, formed of rough boards nailed together, about three feet long, having an iron door, made of pointed bars, opening *inwards*, at both ends of the box. This trap is placed with the end opposite to the entrance of a burrow observed during the daytime. In the night, when the muskrat sallies forth, he enters the box, instead of passing into the open air, and is drowned, as the box is quite filled with water. If the traps be visited and emptied during the night, two may be caught in each trap, as muskrats from other burrows may come to visit those where the traps are placed, and thus one be taken going in as well as on coming out. These animals are frequently very fat, and their flesh has a very wholesome appearance, and would probably prove

good food. The musky odour, however, prejudices strongly against its use; and it is probable that the flesh is rank, as the mussels it feeds on are nauseous and bitter, and the roots which supply the rest of its food are generally unpleasant and acrid. Still, we should not hesitate to partake of its flesh in case of necessity, especially if of a young animal, from which the musk-bag had been removed immediately after it was killed.

In this vicinity, the muskrat does not build himself a house for the winter, as our fields and dikes are too often visited. But in other parts of the country, where extensive marshes exist, and muskrats are abundant, they build very snug and substantial houses, quite as serviceable and ingenious as those of the beaver. They do not dam the water as the beaver, nor cut branches of trees to serve for the walls of their dwellings. They make it of mud and rushes, raising a cone two or three feet high, having the entrance on the south side under water. About the year 1804, I saw several of them in Worrall's marsh, near Chestertown, Maryland, which were pointed out to me by an old black man, who made his living principally by trapping these animals, for the sake of their skins. A few years since, I visited the marshes near the mouth of Magerthy river, in Maryland, where I was informed by a resident that the muskrats still built regularly every winter. Perhaps these quadrupeds are as numerous in the vicinity of Philadelphia as elsewhere, as I have never examined a stream of fresh water, diked meadow, or mill-dam, hereabout, without seeing traces of vast numbers. Along all the water-courses and meadows in New Jersey, opposite Philadelphia, and in the meadows of the neck below the Navy-yard, there must be large numbers of muskrats. Considering the value of the fur, and the ease and trifling expense at which they might be caught, we have often felt surprised that more of them are not taken, especially as we have so many poor men complaining of wanting something to do. By thinning the number of muskrats, a positive benefit would be conferred on the farmers and furriers, to say nothing of the profits to the individual.

My next visit to my old hunting-ground, the lane and brook, happened on a day in the first hay harvest, when the verdant sward of the meadows was rapidly sinking before the keen-edged scythes swung by vigorous mowers. This unexpected circumstance afforded me considerable pleasure, for it promised me a freer scope to my wanderings, and might also enable me to ascertain various particulars concerning which my curiosity had long been awakened. Nor was this promise unattended by fruition of my wishes. The reader may recollect that, in my first walk, a neat burrow in the grass, above ground, was observed without my knowing its author. The advance of the mowers explained this satisfactorily; for in cutting the long grass they exposed several nests of field-mice, which, by means of these grass-covered alleys, passed to the stream in search of food or drink, unseen by their enemies, the hawks and owls. The numbers of these little creatures were truly surprising; their fecundity is so great, and their food so abundant, that were they not preyed upon by many other animals, and destroyed in great numbers by man, they would become exceedingly troublesome. There are various species of them, all bearing a very considerable resemblance to each other, and having to an incidental observer much of the appearance of the domestic mouse. Slight attention, however, is requisite to perceive very striking differences; and the discrimination of these will prove a source of considerable gratification to the inquirer. The nests are very nicely made, and look much like a bird's nest, being lined with soft materials, and usually placed in some snug little hollow, or at the root of a strong tuft of grass. Upon the grass-roots and seeds these nibblers principally feed; and where very abundant, the effects of their hunger may be seen in the brown and withered aspect of the grass they have injured at the root. But, under ordinary circumstances, the hawks, owls, domestic cat, weasels, crows, &c., keep them in such limits as prevent them doing essential damage.

I had just observed another and a smaller grassy covered-way, where the mowers had passed along, when my attention was called towards a wagon at a short distance, which was receiving its load. Shouts and laughter, accompanied by general running and scrambling of the people, indicated that some rare sport was going forward. When I approached I found that the object of chase was a jumping-mouse, whose actions it was truly delightful to witness. When not closely pressed by its pursuers, it ran with some rapidity in the usual manner, as if seeking concealment. But in a moment it would vault into the air, and skim along for ten or twelve feet, looking more like a bird than a little quadruped. After continuing this for some time, and nearly exhausting its pursuers with running and falling over each other, the frightened creature was

accidentally struck down by one of the workmen, during one of its beautiful leaps, and killed. As the hunters saw nothing worthy of attention in the dead body of the animal, they very willingly resigned it to me; and with great satisfaction I retreated to a willow shade, to read what nature had written in its form for my instruction. The general appearance was mouselike; but the length and slenderness of the body, the shortness of its fore limbs, and the disproportionate length of its hind limbs, together with the peculiarity of its tail, all indicated its adaptation to the peculiar kind of action I had just witnessed. A sight of this little creature vaulting or bounding through the air strongly reminded me of what I had read of the great kangaroo of New Holland; and I could not help regarding our little jumper as in some respects a sort of miniature resemblance of that curious animal. It was not evident, however, that the jumping-mouse derived the aid from its tail, which so powerfully assists the kangaroo. Though long and sufficiently stout in proportion, it had none of the robust muscularity which, in the New Holland animal, impels the lower part of the body immediately upward. In this mouse the leap is principally, if not entirely, effected by a sudden and violent extension of the long hind limbs, the muscles of which are strong and admirably suited to their object. We have heard that these little animals feed on the roots, &c., of the green herbage, and that they are every season to be found in the meadows. It may, perhaps, puzzle some to imagine how they subsist through the severities of winter, when vegetation is at rest, and the earth generally frozen. Here we find another occasion to admire the all-perfect designs of the Author of nature, who has endowed a great number of animals with the faculty of retiring into the earth, and passing whole months in a state of repose so complete as to allow all the functions of the body to be suspended, until the returning warmth of the spring calls them forth to renewed activity and enjoyment. The jumping-mouse, when the chill weather begins to draw nigh, digs down about six or eight inches into the soil, and there forms a little globular cell, as much larger than his own body as will allow a sufficient covering of fine grass to be introduced. This being obtained, he contrives to coil up his body and limbs in the centre of the soft dry grass, so as to form a complete ball; and so compact is this, that, when taken out, with the torpid animal, it may be rolled across a floor without injury. In this snug cell, which is soon filled up and closed externally, the jumping-mouse securely abides through all the frosts and storms of winter, needing neither food nor fuel, being utterly quiescent, and apparently dead, though susceptible at any time of reanimation, by being very gradually stimulated by light and heat.

The little burrow under examination, when called to observe the jumping-mouse, proved to be made by the merry musicians of the meadows, the field crickets; *acheta campestris*. These lively black crickets are very numerous, and contribute very largely to that general song which is so delightful to the ear of the true lover of nature, as it rises on the air from myriads of happy creatures rejoicing amid the bounties conferred on them by Providence. It is not a voice that the crickets utter, but a regular vibration of musical chords, produced by nibbling the nervures of the elytra against a sort of network intended to produce the vibrations. The reader will find an excellent description of the apparatus in Kirby and Spence's book: but he may enjoy a much more satisfactory comprehension of the whole, by visiting the field cricket in his summer residence, see him tuning his viol, and awakening the echoes with his music. By such an examination as may be there obtained, he may derive more knowledge than by frequent perusal of the most eloquent writings, and perhaps observe circumstances which the learned authors are utterly ignorant of.

Among the great variety of burrows formed in the grass, or under the surface of the soil, by various animals and insects, there is one that I have often anxiously, and as yet fruitlessly explored. This burrow is formed by the smallest quadruped animal known to man, the minute *shrew*, which, when full grown, rarely exceeds the weight of *thirty-six grains*. I had seen specimens of this very interesting creature in the museum, and had been taught, by a more experienced friend to distinguish its burrow, which I have often perseveringly traced, with the hope of finding the living animal, but in vain. On one occasion, I patiently pursued a burrow nearly round a large barn, opening it all the way. I followed it under the barn floor, which was sufficiently high to allow me to crawl beneath. There I traced it about to a tiresome extent, and was at length rewarded by discovering where it terminated, under a foundation stone, perfectly safe from my attempts. Most probably a whole family of them were then present, and I had my labour for my pains. As these little creatures are nocturnal, and

are rarely seen from the nature of the places they frequent, the most probable mode of taking them alive would be by placing a small mousetrap in their way, baited with a little tainted or slightly spoiled meat. If a common mousetrap be used, it is necessary to work it over with additional wire, as this shrew could pass between the bars even of a close mousetrap. They are sometimes killed by cats, and thus obtained, as the cat never eats them, perhaps on account of their rank smell, owing to a peculiar glandular apparatus on each side that pours out a powerfully odorous greasy substance. The species of the shrew genus are not all so exceedingly diminutive, as some of them are even larger than a common mouse. They have their teeth coloured at the tips in a remarkable manner; it is generally of a pitchy brown, or dark chestnut hue, and, like the colouring of the teeth in the beaver and other animals, is owing to the enamel being thus formed, and not to any mere accident of diet. The shrews are most common about stables and cow-houses; and there, should I ever take the field again, my traps shall be set, as my desire to have one of these little quadrupeds is still as great as ever.

BENARES, THE "HOLY CITY" OF HINDUSTAN.

BENARES, the celebrated "holy city" of Hindustan, is built on the north bank of the Ganges, and is about 460 miles from Calcutta, 950 from Bombay, and 1103 from Madras, travelling distance. It has been, from time immemorial, famous as a seat of Hindu learning; and is held in such estimation by the Hindus, that pilgrimages from all quarters are made to it. The late Bishop Heber thus describes it in his "Travels in India."

"No Europeans live in the town, nor are the streets wide enough for a wheel-carriage. Mr. Fraser's gig was stopped short almost in its entrance, and the rest of the way was passed in tonjons, through alleys so crowded, so narrow, and so winding, that even a tonjon (a species of litter) sometimes passed with difficulty. The houses are mostly lofty, none I think less than two stories, most of three, and several of five or six, a sight which I now for the first time saw in India. The streets, like those of Chester, are considerably lower than the ground-floors of the houses, which have mostly arched rows in front, with little shops behind them. Above these, the houses are richly embellished with verandahs, galleries, projecting oriel windows, and very broad and over-hanging eaves, supported by carved brackets. The number of temples is very great, mostly small, and stuck like shrines in the angles of the streets, and under the shadow of the lofty houses. Their forms, however, are not ungraceful, and many of them are entirely covered over with beautiful and elaborate carvings of flowers, animals, and palm branches, equalling in minuteness and richness the best specimens that I have seen of Gothic or Grecian architecture. The material of the buildings is a very good stone, from Chunar, but the Hindus here seem fond of painting them a deep red colour, and, indeed, of covering the more conspicuous parts of their houses with paintings, in gaudy colours, of flower-pots, men, women, bulls, elephants, gods, and goddesses, in all their many-formed, many-headed, many-handed, and many-weaponed varieties. The sacred bulls devoted to Siva, of every age, tame and familiar as mastiffs, walk lazily up and down these narrow streets, or are seen lying across them, and hardly to be kicked up, (any blows, indeed, given them must be of the gentlest kind, or woe be to the profane wretch who braves the prejudices of this fanatic population!) in order to make way for the tonjon. Monkeys sacred to Hunimann, the divine ape who conquered Ceylon for Rama, are in some parts of the town equally numerous, clinging to all the roofs and little projections of the temples, putting their impertinent heads and hands into every fruiterer's and confectioner's shop, and snatching the food from the children at their meals. Faqueers' houses, as they are called, occur at every turn, adorned with idols, and sending out an unceasing tinkling and strumming of vinas, biyals, and other discordant instruments; while religious mendicants of every Hindu sect, offering every conceivable deformity, with chalk, cow-dung, disease, matted locks, distorted limbs, and disgusting and hideous attitudes of penances as superstition can show, literally line the principal streets on both sides. The number of blind persons is very great (I was going to say of lepers also, but I am not sure whether the appearance on the skin may not have been filth and chalk): and here I saw repeated instances of that penance of which I had heard much in Europe, of men with their legs or arms voluntarily distorted by keeping them in one position, and their hands clenched till the nails grew out in the backs. Their pitiful exclamations as we passed, 'Agha Sahib,

Topee Sahib' (the usual names in Hindustan for a European), 'kana ke waste kooch cheez do' (give me something to eat), soon drew from me what few pieces I had; but it was a drop of water in the ocean, and the importunities of the rest, as we advanced into the city, were almost drowned in the hubbub which surrounded us. Such are the sights and sounds which greet a stranger on entering this 'the most holy city' of Hindustan, the Lotus of the world, not founded on common earth, but on the point of Siva's trident, a place so blessed, that whoever dies here, of whatever sect, even though he should be an eater of beef, *so he will but be charitable to the poor Bramins*, is sure of salvation. It is, in fact, this very holiness which makes it the common resort of beggars; since, besides the number of pilgrims, which is enormous, from every part of India, as well as from Tibet and the Burman Empire, a great multitude of rich individuals in the decline of life, and almost all the great men who are from time to time disgraced or banished from home by the revolutions which are continually occurring in the Hindu states, come hither to wash away their sins, or to fill up their vacant hours by the gaudy ceremonies of their religion, and really give away great sums in profuse and indiscriminate charity."

BULLUM v. BOATUM.

"LAW," says the facetious author of the "History of John Bull," "Law is a bottomless pit;" and every one who has ever had the misfortune to fall into it has felt the difficulty of getting out. The "glorious uncertainty" of the law has afforded too good a mark for the shafts of our wits to be suffered to pass unaimed at, and one of the best hits ever made, which we must allow to be "in the clout," is the famous case of "Bullum v. Boatum," as reported by the renowned George Stevens, that laugh-loving "Lecturer upon Heads." Stevens's Lectures, which were originally delivered by himself, somewhat after the fashion of Mathews's Monopologues, and illustrated now by a puppet, anon by a barber's block, and sometimes by the due adjustment of the lecturer's own visage, obtained great repute and favour in their day, and were published in a small volume adorned by very laughable wood-cuts; but the book is now seldom to be met with, and the memory of its author is fading into oblivion. The report of the case "Bullum v. Boatum," which was delivered by the lecturer arrayed in full legal costume, was prefaced by the following luminous definition of "Law."

"Law is—law,—law is law, and as, in such and so forth, and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance, people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like phisic, they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it; it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it." The same learned authority observes, that the case before referred to, and hereafter immediately stated, came before him, that is to say,

*Bullum v. Boatum.
Boatum v. Bullum.*

There were two farmers, farmer A. and farmer B. Farmer A. was seised or possessed of a bull; farmer B. was seised or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay, twisted rope-fashion, or as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band. After he had made his boat fast to a post on shore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went up town to dinner; farmer A.'s bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came down town to look for a dinner; and the bull observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out, some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat—he ate up the turnips, and to make an end of his meal, he fell to work upon the hay-band. The boat, being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it: it struck against a rock—beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard. Thereupon, the owner of

the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull, and the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull for running away with the boat.

At trial of these causes, *Bullum v. Boatum*, *Boatum v. Bullum*, the counsel for the bull began with saying,

"My lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury,

"We are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat affirmed, that the bull should be nonsuited, because the declaration did not specify of what colour he was; for thus wisely and thus learnedly spoke the counsel: "My lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour; and if he was not of any colour, of what colour could the bull be?" I overruled this objection myself (says the reporter) by observing the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour: besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for the law can colour anything. The causes went to reference, and, by the award, both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away. According to the legal maxim, there cannot be a wrong without a remedy, I therefore advised a fresh case to be laid before me, and was of opinion, that as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a right of action against the water-bailiff.

Upon this opinion an action was commenced, and this point of law arose,—how, whether, when, and whereby, or by whom, the facts could be proved on oath, as the boat was not *compos mentis*. The evidence point was settled by Boatum's attorney, who declared that for his client he would swear anything.

At the trial, the water-bailiff's charter was read, from the original record in true law Latin, to support an averment in the declaration that the plaintiffs were carried away either by the tide of flood, or the tide of ebb. The water-bailiff's charter stated of him and of the river, whereof or wherein he thereby claimed jurisdiction, as follows:—*Aqua bailiffi est magistratus in choisi, sapor omnibus, fishibus, qui habuerunt finnos et scalos, claws, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in freshibus, vel saltibus, riveris, lakos, pondis, canalibus et well-boats, vive oysteri, prawni, whitini, shrimpi, turbutus solus; that is, not turbots alone, but turbots and soles both together. Hereupon arose a nicety of law; for the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by adde-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but it being proved, that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonsuited; and thereupon, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed, by the court, to begin again, *de novo*.*

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

No complicated story can be related in marble, and much that suits description can find no historian in art. Darwin, the poet, planned a monument, recording the genius and inventions of Arkwright: the design exhibited the Pyramids of Egypt, a sphinx, a mummy, and a spinning-machine! On the darkness of his sketch he threw a little light from his pen, and the whole became, in appearance, at once clear, consistent, and characteristic. But when the words were away, and the sculptor tried to tell the story with his modelling-tool, all grew dark again. Many are the absurdities committed even in our own times in marble. The invention of the steam-engine has been recorded by the figure of an elephant, which may imply power, but cannot surely represent active motion. When a basis for Chantrey's statue of Grattan was under discussion, one of the orator's friends, and a witty one too, said, "Pedestal! the best pedestal for him is the Rock of the Constitution—carve that, and put him upon it." "A good notion," answered another of his countrymen; "but how are we to know the Rock of the Constitution from any other rock?"—*Family Library; Lives of British Painters and Sculptors.*

THE BLIND BOY.

WHERE'S the blind child, so admirably fair,
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair
That waves in every breeze? He's often seen
Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,
With others, match'd in spirit and in size,
Health on their cheeks, and rapture in their eyes.
That full expanse of voice to childhood dear,
Soul of their sports, is duly cherish'd here;
And, hark! that laugh is his—that jovial cry:
He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,
And runs the giddy course with all his might—
A very child in every thing but sight.

With circumscribed but not abated powers—
Play the great object of his infant hours—
In many a game he takes a noisy part,
And shows the native gladness of his heart.
But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
The new suggestion and the quick ascent:
The grove invites, delight thrills every breast:
To leap the ditch, and seek the downy nest,
Away they start—leave balls and hoops behind,
And one companion leave—the boy is blind!

His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,
That childlike fortitude awhile gives way;
He feels his dreadful loss: yet short the pain:
Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again.
Pondering how best his moments to employ,
He sings his little songs of nameless joy;
Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,
And plucks, by chance, the white and yellow flower;
Smoothing their stems, while resting on his knees,
He binds a nosegay which he never sees;
Along the homeward path then feels his way,
Lifting his brow against the shining day,
And, with a playful rapture round his eyes,
Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

BLOOMFIELD.

LORD COLLINGWOOD.

It has been said that no man is a hero in the eyes of his *volet-de-chambre*; but that this is not universally true, is proved by the account which was given by Mr. Smith, Admiral Collingwood's valued servant. "I entered the admiral's cabin," he observed, "about day-light, and found him already up and dressing. He asked if I had seen the French fleet; and on my replying that I had not, he told me to look out at them, adding that in a very short time we should see a great deal more of them. I then observed a crowd of ships to leeward; but I could not help looking with still greater interest at the admiral, who during all this time was shaving himself with a composure that quite astonished me."—"Admiral Collingwood dressed himself that morning with peculiar care; and soon after, meeting Lieutenant Clavell, advised him to pull off his boots. 'You had better,' he said, 'put on silk stockings, as I have done; for if you should get a shot in the leg, they would be so much more manageable to the surgeon.' He then proceeded to visit the decks, encouraged the men to the discharge of their duty, and addressing the officers, said to them, 'Now, gentlemen, let us do something to-day that the world may talk of hereafter.'"—*Life of Lord Collingwood.*

NOBLEMEN, ENVIOUS AND IDLE.

Nobility of birth commonly abateth industry; and he that is not industrious envieveth him that is: besides, noble persons cannot go much higher, and he that standeth at a stay when others rise can hardly avoid motions of envy.—*Bacon.*

ETYMOLOGISTS.

Dr. Parr being asked who was his immediate predecessor in the mastership of the Free School at Norwich, he said it was Barnabas Leman, an honest man, but without learning, and very tyrannical in his discipline. This man had the impudence to publish, by a half-guinea subscription, what he called an "English Derivative Dictionary," in quarto. He pretended to find a derivation for every word in Saxon, German, Dutch, Latin, Greek, Hebrew. No matter what the word was, however culinary or vernacular, he undertook to find its etymology. Coming to "Pig's Petty-toes," (a Norfolk way of dressing the feet of sucking pigs,) he was a little puzzled, but it did not stop him; so he wrote, as it now stands in the book, "Pig's Petty-toes—a dish of which the author of this Dictionary is extremely fond."

SONG.

SING to me in the days of spring-time, beloved;
In those days of sweetness, oh, sing to me!
When all things by one glad spirit are moved—
From the sky-lark to the bee.

Sing to me in the days of summer-time, dearest;
In those days of fire, oh, sing to me, then!
When suns are brightest, and skies are clearest,
Sing, sing in the woods again.

Sing to me still in the autumn's glory;
In the golden fall-time, oh, be not mute!
Some sweet, wild ditty from ancient story,
That well with the times may suit.

Sing to me still in the hours of sadness,
When winter across the sky is driven;
But sing not the wild tones of mirth and gladness—
Then sing of peace and heaven.

G. P. R. JAMES.

OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

WE have been so much gratified by the perusal of the following letter, that, at the risk of being thought excessively egotistical, and at the risk, too, of offending some of our English readers who cannot decipher Scotch hieroglyphics, we give it as we received it, with the exception of a very little pruning. The *censure* of the writer is worth a thousand laudatory criticisms, because the *censure* proceeds from a man who not only reads but appreciates. In reply to him, and to others who have written in a similar strain, we say first, that our sins of omission and commission are not very extensive; and, second, that they arose chiefly from inexperience, and the hesitation and uncertainty which inexperience causes. Circumstances, too, arose from time to time, over which we had little control, which prevented us from immediately fulfilling promises. We trust that, in future, our attentive and attached readers will find less cause of complaint; and though, in addressing an audience of various tastes and inclinations, it is impossible to please everybody, and some will be offended with the very things which gratify others, still, with the Letter-Box as an *echo*, it is not likely that we shall stray very far from our right path.

Glasgow.

"MR. EDITOR,—Ceremonies and apologies are the fashion of the day in which we live, and at the hands of a puir Scotchman sic like things may be lured for ye by you, for this daring attempt to trespass on yer attention for a wee while; sae I maun frankly tell ye, that ye hae yersel to blame a' thegither.

"Ye hae open't a Letter-Box for the use o' your readers, an' as I am ane o' them—and may be nane o' the least attentive—why I should be thoct imperinent for availing mysel o' a prevelidge o' yer ain granting is mair than I can foresee. However, be that as it may, I shall try my han' for aince, an' wi' some kind o' confidence too, because I am really disposed to look upon ye as a decent, ceevil sort o' chiel, an' a lad that's no likely to tak amiss ony thing whilk I—ane o' the simplest and poorest o' yer readers—may gie utterance to.

"I hae vera little doubt but that, since ye opened yer Letter-Box, yer correspondents will hae slakit ye ower wi' praise on nae sma' scale; maybe by this time ye're sick o' sic like commendations. Ye maun bear wi' me, however while I cast in my puir mite o' admiration; for, truly, they wha attempt to gie ye ower muckle praise wull hae nae easy task to perform.

"On the first appearance o' yer Journal, I was tempted to buy the Preliminary Number; ye promised sae fair that I bought the next, an' so forth, till I hae at this moment a' the monthly Parts. It wad be but a puir meed o' praise to say that ye hae kept yer Prospectus to the letter; yer articles, sae far as they gang, are irreproachable: an' it is cheerin to my heart at least, to see ae Journal stan' opposed like a giant to the trashy, balefu', ephemeral publications with which the press teems in our day. An' even when we compare yer periodical wi' others stamped as truly valuable by the unanimous voice o' the public, they, in my opinion, may hide their dimeenshid heads before yours. Sincerely do I hope that your example may speedily be followed by others o' yer brethern. I wad rejoice to see the whole tribe o' Journals an' Magazeens conducted on the same principles as yours; and in that case I wad cheerfully respond to your favourite maxim, 'Man is progressing.'

"It is truly gratifying to see ye tak every opportunity for connectin the discoveries o' science, o' natur', and airt, wi' the halesome doctrines o' *Haly Writ*—I mean the Bible. Ay, ay, my man, ye hae ta'en the richt gate to mak' man progress—ye seem to be thoroughly alive to the fact, that science,

airts, and natur, benefit the human race only in sae far as thae things are made subservient to God's Word. I trow ye are sensible o' this, and I just beg that ye may continue in the gude way ye hae begun. Dinna heed the cry o' some senseless craitors that may say, 'This is a' cant, humbug, an' I diana ken what a';'—geese, ye ken, maun hiss an' cackle. Kennin this, ye need naither heed their senseless blethers, nor alter yer principles; for, were ye to do sae, I wad venture to prophesy, yer great aim, and the great means needfu' to mak man progress, wad be knocked on the head completely. Gang on then, and prosper; and, my man, while ye may quite lawfully pray that yer Journal may pay in a pecuniary point o' view, diana forget, at the same time, to ask a blessin upon yer labours intended for the benefit o' yer fallow craitors. 'Whatsoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, or anything else, do all for God's glory,' is a Bible precept, but ower muckle neglected by this wise generation.

"I'm fley'd that I may hae been tiresome; juist excoose me, I haena' done yet. I hae gart this gude pen o' Mosley's sound yer praises; I maun try noo gif it can gie ye a bit flyte (i. e. scold). How in the world does it happen that ye begin articles to whilk there is nae conclusion? Ye gied us a capital wee sketch o' our English translations o' the Bible in a vera early Number, promisn to return to the subject on a subsequent occasion. Ye left the article 'Mada-gascar' in the same condition, gif I'm no mista'en; and maybe mair lay over in the same plight, for ocht I ken. Noo, shame fa' ye! What d'ye mean by 'a subsequent occasion'—whan will that be?—whan wull the 'future Number' come out, giein the finishing stroke to apparently forgotten articles? Ye want hints, an' if it war agreeable and convenient, I wad just hint that subjects ocht to be feenishid wi' the volume at ony rate. D'ye no think this wad be a better arrangement yersel? 'Hope deferred makes the heart sick'; and really I hae tint hope a' thegither o' ever seein some o' yer promises fulfilled.

"As regards yer articles, the 'Dawnin o' the Day,' and 'the Mornin Overcast,' they, too, bore the stamp of that excellence whilk pervades the rest, but really I canna but say I was meeserably disappointed wi' the conclusion. Of course, I dinna mean to dictat to ye; I mean naething mair than to gie hints; an' vera far be the thoct frae ye that I mean to gie offence. I hae plenty mair to say, and—but what o'clock's that?—nae less than twal at e'en, an' I scribblin' awa as viciously as ever, while near my side lie my ain sonsie, canty, tosh, blit wife, an' rosy-cheeked, chubby, wee callan [boy], sleeping fu' snugly and sweetly in the airms o' Morpheus. I maun lay a' the blame o' my late sittin' on you. Ye'll excoose me for takin' leave o' ye abruptly, and I'll promise that, if spared, ye'll hear frae me again, provided ye dinna gie contrair orders in your Letter-Box. Ae word at partin'—dinna set me up as a mark in your Journal, whereto to shoot all yer shafts o' English wit and ridicule,—hae some pity, and spare the feelings of

"A PUIR SCOTCHMAN."

P. R.—"Allow me to beg the favour of your informing me, through the medium of your 'Letter-Box,' if a young man, well acquainted with the retail bookselling, but little conversant with the French language, and who could be well recommended, would have any means of obtaining a situation in Paris in that line of business, and what would be about the salary he might expect;—would it be sufficient to keep him in board and lodging becoming his situation? Could you give the writer any hint or advice on the subject, you will greatly oblige him."

The desire to "go to Paris," or to the Continent generally, is very strong amongst our young men, and becomes more general every day. In itself it is very commendable, since no mode of improving oneself is so gratifying, so permanent, and so useful, as seeing with one's own eyes, and hearing with one's own ears, and being, as it were, *driven* into a foreign language by the daily intercourse and necessities of one's position. It is practised to a very large extent by Germans, hundreds of whom annually leave their native places, to spend a given time in Paris and London, and then to return with their accumulated experiences. But to Englishmen in certain circumstances the advantages to be derived should be carefully weighed with the disadvantages, and the probable results. Not a few individuals are in London, who have spent years in Paris, expressly to become perfect in French speech, and who are now in situations, and likely to remain in them, where much of that knowledge, to acquire which they encountered many privations, is of little use to them, because they have no occasions to call it into use. To the great body of persons destined to earn their bread at home, that knowledge of French which they can easily acquire at home will be quite sufficient.

Our correspondent confessedly knows very little of French. His only chance, then, would be, we think, with Galignani, who, our correspondent must be aware, publishes the well-known English newspaper in Paris, and who has also an extensive publishing concern. Galignani, who speaks and writes English perfectly, is an exceedingly active man, is in perpetual correspondence with London, and has always a choice both of English bookselling assistants and printers. Let our correspondent apply to him; we have known instances where answers have been obtained months afterwards, which shows that

Galignani registers applications, and makes use of them when vacancies occur. Our correspondent would not get more, at first, than about 1000 francs per annum (that sounds very large, does it not?) or say 40*l.* per annum. Now, to an Englishman, with his English notions of comfort, 40*l.* in Paris will not go much farther than 50*l.* in London. In fact, an Englishman, not very well acquainted with French, and dependent on a situation, must, in Paris, be prepared to encounter hardships, and either be content to be thrown amongst his own countrymen for society, (which would defeat one of his objects in going to Paris,) or else, amongst Frenchmen, submit to much of that jealousy and aversion which is as strong amongst the mass of the Parisians towards Englishmen, as it was in London some thirty years ago towards Frenchmen. Nor can we wonder at it; the struggle for existence being much stronger in Paris than in London, and foreigners who go thither to earn their bread appear as interlopers.

Our BOSTON friend, who inquires about the salary he is likely to receive as a bookseller's assistant in London, is informed that it is not likely he would obtain more than 60*l.* (if so much) at first. But some experience of the London trade would be valuable to a young man who intends to return to the provinces; and if, therefore, he can procure a situation in some respectable house before he comes up, or can bring a little money with him, to enable him to live until he can get a situation, we should think a year's residence in London would do him no harm, provided he has the moral courage and the common sense to take care of himself, and be content to live very economically.

A CONSTANT READER says, "In your 34th Number, under the article 'Cocodé-Mer,' is mentioned the difficulty experienced in effecting their germination in this country. Perhaps it may not be known to some of your readers, that seeds which do not commonly germinate in our climate, or in our hot-houses, and which we cannot raise for our gardens or fields, were found by Humboldt to become capable of germinating, when immersed for some days, in a weak solution of chlorine. This discovery has been turned to great advantage in some botanic gardens.

S.—Beef-eater is a jocular appellation given to the yeomen of the royal guard. "It seems probable that the name of *buffetiers* was formerly assigned to that portion of the yeomen of the guard only who from time to time waited at tables at great solemnities, and were ranged near the *buffets*. The French in the same manner called their valets who attended the side-board *buffets*." Beef-eater may therefore be a corruption of *buffetier*.

N. S., MANCHESTER, asks respecting the general mode in which the NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS dispose of their dead. There is no universal mode, almost every tribe having a mode somewhat peculiar to itself, with this exception, that by every tribe the dead are placed with their feet to the rising sun. Along with the dead bodies are placed their weapons and medicine bags, pipes, tobacco, provisions, and apparatus for procuring fire,—in fact, everything for a far journey to those "beautiful hunting grounds" which constitute their future state, and where, in the words of Pope, "admitted to that equal sky," they think "their faithful dog will bear them company." The Indians are particular in paying honours to the dead. The funerals of chiefs and warriors, and of distinguished women, are (we may say, *were*) attended by the heads of the tribes, and all the people, and the ceremonies are impressive. Some tribes bury their dead in a sitting posture, others prostrate. Several tribes (the Sioux, Mandans, and Riccarees) envelop the bodies in skins, and elevate them on scaffolds, or in the crutches of trees—except where one dies in dishonourable combat, is executed, or otherwise loses his claim to honourable burial, when the public condemnation assigns him an ignoble burial, under the ground. Some tribes deposit the dead bodies in canoes, to float about upon their favourite lakes, &c.; and others by suspending their canoes in the branches of trees.

In Mr. Catlin's "Indian Gallery," there is a picture—a scene on Upper Missouri—representing a "back view of the Mandan village, showing their mode of depositing their dead on scaffolds, enveloped in skins, and of preserving and feeding the skulls; 1800 miles above St. Louis. Women feeding the skulls of their relatives with dishes of meat." Mr. Catlin informs us, that this Mandan mode of treating the dead is by no means a "peculiar" mode, as several contiguous tribes are found treating them in a similar manner.

Connected with this North American Indian subject, we may mention that an EDINBURGH correspondent inquires respecting the mode in which the TOMAHAWK is used. This weapon is a handsomely-shaped axe, the handle being usually perforated, to serve as a pipe—the pipe-head being the hammer-shaped projection which forms a cross with the axe at the end of the handle. It is difficult to restrict its use to any precise form or rule; and, in fact, it is

an article not *legitimately* connected with Indian modes, being, like guns and scalping-knives, a weapon of civilised construction. The tomahawk, however, is generally made for the treble purpose of smoking, and welding in war, and also for cutting wood, tent-poles, &c. &c.

It is a mistaken notion generally held, that the tomahawk is *thrown at an enemy* in battle; in the chase, however, it is often done; but in war, it is a weapon of too great value to an Indian to be out of his hand, and is only used when in close combat, and then is always aimed at the head, preparatory to the use of the scalping-knife.

AN AMATEUR COLLECTOR.—Statements have so repeatedly appeared in periodicals, respecting FARTHINGs of the reign of Anne, that we are surprised our correspondent is not aware that these coins are neither very scarce nor very valuable. Every now and again we hear of somebody having picked up a Queen Anne's farthing, and straightway he imagines he has laid hands on one of the wonderful Three farthings which are supposed to be all that are in existence! Even supposing that there were *only* three Queen Anne farthings in the wide world, where would be their value? The reign is too recent to give them any historical or antiquarian interest, and their intrinsic value we should hardly fancy to be much more than—a farthing!

Y. X. W., HENLEY ON THAMES.—"Have any further discoveries been made on the subject of Electro-Magnetism?—and is there any probability of its superseding steam in commercial purposes?"

The first part of this question is so exceedingly undefined, that it is not practicable to answer it, unless some data had been given. With regard to the second part of the question, although we must refrain from giving an opinion, we will mention that Professor Jacobi spent several entire days on the Neva, with ten or twelve persons, on board a ten-oared shallop, furnished with paddle-wheels, which were put in motion by an electro-magnetic machine; and, although he was not satisfied with this trial, he adds, "If Heaven preserve my health, which is a little affected by continual labour, I hope that within a year from this time [June last] I shall have equipped an electro-magnetic vessel of from forty to fifty-horse power." Mr. Davidson, of Aberdeen, has also been eminently successful in the same field of discovery; and Professor Patrick Forbes, who writes to Dr. Faraday upon this subject, remarks, that "from what has already been done (i.e. by Mr. Davidson) it seems to be probable that a very great power, in no degree inferior even to that of steam, but much more manageable, much less expensive, and occupying greatly less space (if the coils be taken into account), may be obtained." It also appears that a Mr. William H. Taylor, late of New York, took out a patent in November last, for improvements in obtaining power by means of electro-magnetism.—With these few out of many facts, we will leave Y. X. W. to form his own conclusions.

"Why do lobsters turn red when boiled? Can you give us any philosophical reason?"

Our correspondent is of course familiar with the famous experiment of Sir Joseph Banks, as recorded by Peter Pindar, in *his* Philosophical Transactions. Joking apart, however, the question is a philosophical one. Mr. Edwards informs us, that in the greater number of the crustaceans, though not in all, the tegumentary envelope is very firm, forming a shelly case or armour, in which all the soft parts are contained. The tegument consists of a corium and an epidermis, or outer covering, with a pigmentary matter of a peculiar nature, destined to communicate to the epidermis the various colours with which it is ornamented. With regard to the *pigmentum*, it is not so much a membrane as an amorphous matter diffused through the outermost layer of the superficial membrane. In plain words, the shell contains a colouring matter, which alcohol, ether, the acids, and water at 212° Fahrenheit, change to red, in the greater number of species; though there are some species which may be exposed to the action of all these agents without undergoing any change.

All Letters intended to be answered in the LITERARY LETTER-BOX are to be addressed to "THE EDITOR of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," and delivered FREE, at 113, Fleet-street.

The VOLUMES of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL may be had as follows:—

VOLUME I., containing Nos. 1 to 26, price 5*s.* 6*d.* in cloth.

VOLUME II., containing Nos. 27 to 52, price 5*s.* 6*d.* in cloth.

VOLUME I. and II. bound together, containing the Numbers for 1839, price 10*s.* 6*d.* in cloth.

BACK NUMBERS and PARTS, to complete Sets, may always be obtained.

London: WILLIAM SMITH, 113, Fleet Street. Edinburgh: FRASER and Co. Dublin: CURRY and Co.—Printed and Stereotyped by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars.